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THE PROFESSIONAL PLAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

'Twas all in the May-time merry,
When, braced by a couple of rounds,
I boarded a boat at the ferry,
And crossed to the Union Grounds.

In mood that was sombre and pensive
I was nursing the phantom of fame,
And feeling, likewise, apprehensive
In respect to my landlady's claim.

Thus I wended my way to the Union,
Where the breeze and lager are cool,
And I held with myself sweet communion,
Disdaining to purchase a pool.

There were hundreds of people collected,
All eagerly watching the game—
"How easy it is," I reflected,
"To mount on the ladder of Fame—

"To mount to the heights that are roughened
By the bones of the many who fall,
If only your sinews be toughened,
And you're able to handle a ball."

Ah, well I remember the yearning
That seized on my soul that day—
The assinine yearning for learning
The national game to play.

My fancies grew flurried and fluttered,
My spirits were lighter and gayer;
I felt of my muscle, and muttered:
"I'll become a professional player.

"I'll buy me a ball on the morrow,
And, the better to further my aims
I'll call at the Bureau and borrow
A dozen ball or two of Ed. James.

"I'll put myself into the traces,
And train for the regular teams;
And the ball, the bat, and the bases
Shall bring me the end of my dreams."

Well, I bought me the ball, and I borrowed
The belle of Edward, and—mum—
Well, then I suffered and sorrowed
As I hope I may never again!

I went into what they call "training,"
Subsisting on water and meal,
And swinging the dumb-bells, and straining
My faith to endure the ordeal.

For to rise with the lark, though poetic,
Was not in accord with content;
And I craved for the gentle ascetic
Of the beverage the brewers ferment!

Alas for the visions delusive!
The visions that fired my brain;
I've found, in a manner conducive
To much of bodily pain,

That nothing is harder than winning
The laurels at bat and at ball;
Though I eagerly made a beginning,
I envy the end not at all!

Two fingers are broken, and one is
Deprived of its joint, and awry;
And I fail to see where the fun is
In displaying a frescoed eye!

My shins they are barked and battered,
My shoulder is painfully lame,
My system is thoroughly shattered—
I've done with the phantom of Fame!

I've done with the ball-ic desire—
And the hair on my head will be grayer
Before I shall again aspire
To become a professional player!

AROUND HIS NECK;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MURDER

OF

THE BROKEN ROCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Do you not remember?—on your first visit with dear Lady Vanderbuilt. I think that was one slight attack of illness this. The morning of your departure on that visit, did we not find him on the floor of the room in a state of insensibility, with horror stamped upon his face?"

The young wife did not tell her friend how he had neglected and ill-treated her for months, after having dissipated and gambled at billiards with a party of friends unknown to her.

"And," she went on, "the night our baby was given up by the dumb nurse, his fit was terrible. Since that time he has appeared better, but to-night, my lord, there is something the matter with him."

"Come, then," said his lordship, "we will search for him. Be tranquil, my love, and let us see what we think, or it may irritate him the more."

"You are right, dear friend," the young wife replied. "I will be as calm as possible."

What was their surprise, on turning to go in another direction, to see a group of the guests approaching, with Lady Vanderbuilt and Lord Ferdinand in advance, and Thomas Harkway in conversation with some fair nobleman's daughter.

"Oh, you naughty girl!" exclaimed Lady Vanderbuilt. "What do you mean by promenading alone with my husband? It seems to me, my lord," she added, tapping him with her fan, "that you have more admirers than I."

This was a good joke for the party, who laughed merrily, even Lord Ferdinand joining in. But Lady Violet looked pale, all her beauty having fled from her lovely face when Lord Ferdinand grasped her so roughly by the wrist. In spite of her inward suffering, she endeavored to smile as she replied to the hostess:

"I may reply by the same question, Lady Vanderbuilt. "What do you mean by promenading with *my* husband?"

A low laugh, resembling music in the distance, fell from Lady Vanderbuilt's lips, as she turned to Lord Ferdinand and said in a merry voice:

"Your little wife is jealous of me—*me*, my lord. Do you think, Lady Violet," she asked, "I would take your husband from amidst the crowd of *single* gentleman who have paid homage at my feet to-night?"

Although she addressed the young wife with a merry laugh, yet her words struck pain to the heart of Lady Ferdinand, who instantly repented the retort she had made, and, under the impulse of regret, she flung her arms around Lady Vanderbuilt's neck with the simplicity of a child, and begged her not to be angry with her, as she meant no harm. She said, "I have too much faith in my husband's honor to doubt his love, and my belief in you, dear lady —"

Lady Ferdinand could say no more. Overcome with excitement and grief, she dropped her white arms from around Lady Vanderbuilt's neck, and, had not the Earl of Chester caught her in his arms, she would have fallen. Lord Ferdinand took her from the arms of the old Earl, and carried her into the palace. Lady Vanderbuilt, the Earl and some of the favored guests followed.

"Take her into my boudoir," said the Countess. "The Earl opened the door just as Lord Ferdinand reached it, and Thomas Harkaway politely drew the elegant drapery from across it for his stepbrother, bearing his wife, to pass through.

"You seem familiar with the drapery of her ladyship's boudoir," hissed Lord Ferdinand in an undertone, to which his stepbrother replied in the same low voice:

"You are right; I am familiar: I am the Earl's secretary and friend, and with them is my home."

The ball was rung for attendance, which immediately answered the call. The ladies surrounded the senseless form of Lady Violet, while restoratives were being administered, and all the gentlemen were ordered from the boudoir.

Lord Ferdinand here again took the opportunity to address his stepbrother, as he noticed he was about to ramble around the park alone. Thomas Harkaway looked at him with surprise when he became aware that Lord Ferdinand had followed him, and was now keeping pace with him.

"I wish I could change places with you," said his lordship.

"Indeed! And why, pray?" asked Thomas Harkaway.

"Ha! I may, like you, sir, learn the way to pass within the drapery of Lady Vanderbuilt's boudoir," said Lord Ferdinand significantly.

Thomas Harkaway stopped in his walk, and, looking his stepbrother full in the face, said:

"Devil! What do you want with Lady Vanderbuilt?"

"Her wondrous beauty enthralls my soul and drives me mad. Thomas, Thomas!" he added, lowering his voice, "let us be friends. I'll give you all the money you require; come to my house; see my wife. She is very lovely, but I am weary of her; and you, you, must be weary, by this time, of the lovely Countess. Thomas, let me take your place."

During this amazing speech, Thomas Harkaway's face became pale as death, and as his hands were clasped together behind him, he clutched firmly a small pistol that he always carried about him. But his lips were firmly set as he hissed between them:

"How can you take my place!"

"I know, I know," he answered. "She won't listen to my wild, passionate love for her; but she shall be mine, by fair or foul means, I swear, by Heaven!"

"Swear by the Devil, you fiend!" broke forth from Thomas Harkaway's lips, as he caught his stepbrother by the throat, and held him in his grasp until the villain's face turned blue. Then he struck him a heavy blow with his clenched fist, flung him forcibly to the earth, and kicked him as he would any beast upon the field. Kneeling down by the side of the frightened villain and coward, he held his head back by clutching his hair, while he spoke fiercely to him.

"You coward!" he cried, "have you not committed crimes enough already? Did I not know your punishment is to come, I'd trample you to death. Know, villain, that Lady Vanderbuilt is as pure as the snow. Fool! to imagine I would dare raise my eyes to her! As for your wife, treat her like a human being. She is another victim to your cruelty. Be contented with your wealth and title, or you may be caught in a snare that will tie the rope for the second time around your neck, murderer!"

Lord Ferdinand, at this, attempted to free himself from the iron grip of his enemy; but it was in vain. They rolled over the crushed flower-beds; but Thomas Harkaway possessed the strength of three men, and he rested his knee upon the heaving breast of his stepbrother, and the latter, unable to move, could only look the hatred he felt.

"Oh, I know you would like to kill me," said Thomas Harkaway. "So would I you. But you shall live to feel your punishment." And, hearing footsteps approaching, he sprang to his feet, Lord Ferdinand following his example. So, by the time the party had reached them, they were brushing their clothes, with every appearance of being on friendly terms.

Thomas Harkaway laughed heartily, as the party gazed first at one and then at the other. The Duke De Vere and Count Horace Benton (the two bosom friends of the Earl of Chester), accompanied by the Duchess and her daughter, who was betrothed to the young Count, were the guests that had come so suddenly upon them.

"Why," said the Duke, "what in the name of Heaven have you been about?"

"Wrestling, your grace," answered Thomas Harkaway quickly. "His lordship boasted of being stronger than I. So I put him to the test, and, you see, I've got the best of him, for he has hardly recovered his breath yet."

Thomas Harkaway advanced to his stepbrother, and addressed him in a half-mocking tone:

"Have you recovered, my lord? For these guests of our host, by their looks, I should imagine, require you to verify my assertion, that we have only been wrestling for fun."

"Oh, yes, that is so," said Lord Ferdinand, recovering his self-possession, but annoyed that he should be so cowardly while his hated stepbrother stood questioning him, calm and dignified.

"I am sure, gentlemen, you may wrestle in fun or in earnest, for all we care—may they not, my love?" said Count Horace Benton to his intended bride, as he took her arm and continued his walk.

The two half-brothers accompanied the Duke and the Duchess in their walk, and many a little laughable anecdote did the elegant Thomas Harkaway relate, thus erasing from their minds the scene of the wrestling.

Let us return to Lady Ferdinand, whom we left in a swoon, lying upon a lounge in Lady Vanderbuilt's boudoir. She had now revived, and begged to be alone with Lady Vanderbuilt, at which hint the ladies took their departure.

"My darling Violet, you have destroyed my pleasure for the evening. What in the world caused you to faint, you silly child? Have you no strength of mind?" said Lady Vandebuilt, in a reproachful yet tender tone, as she pressed her lips upon the fair head of the woman she hated—the woman as to whom she was pitiless. Lady Violet Ferdinand was about to throw her arms around the neck of her hostess; but the lady prevented her, and, starting suddenly, as if some new idea had struck her, she hastened to the closet. Touching a secret spring known only to herself, another small door sprang open, and disclosed a variety of bottles, all labeled differently. Looking keenly amongst them, she drew one forth, and instantly shut the closet by the spring she had used to open it. Taking a small wine-glass off the table, she seated herself by the side of the young wife, and filled the glass from the contents of the bottle which she had taken from the secret closet. She held up the glass before Lady Ferdinand:

"Look," said the Countess. "Did you ever see wine which sparkled with such golden beads as this?"

"Never," replied her guest. "Is it not beautiful?"

"'Tis. Drink it slowly, that you may never forget its taste: it will give you new life and strength; it will brighten your sad spirits, enhance your beauty. Drink it down slowly, slowly."

Lady Vanderbuilt had spoken the truth. Even as she drank, the expression on Violet's sad face vanished, and her eyes began to sparkle and her lips to curve into a smile. As the Countess of Chester watched the coming change, Lady Ferdinand burst into a merry laugh, shook her golden curls, flung herself on Lady Vanderbuilt's breast, swore she loved her dearer than any woman in the world, and that she never had been jealous of her, although she knew her husband admired her.

"Then what is it, my lovely Violet, that has caused you sorrow of late?" asked Lady Vanderbuilt, drawing her down gently into her arms, and kissing her lips.

"Oh," answered the young wife, "nothing troubles me *now*. I care not how he treats me, so long as I am as happy as I feel to-night. You must know," she rattled on, "I used to make myself miserable thinking of the handkerchief Arthur always wore around his neck; and one day he told me all about it, and ever since I have never troubled him; but his strange fits have troubled me. Nothing will ever trouble me more, however, for I am so happy, happy, happy —"

And she gave a leap to the floor, and commenced waltzing and singing around the apartment.

"You are too happy!" thought the Countess. Grasping her hand, she bade her come and sit by her side, and listen to a story she had read in a paper.

"A story! Oh, I love to hear stories, sweet lady," cried Lady Ferdinand. "I would listen to them all night, and not be so happy."

Again her merry laugh echoed through the boudoir, as she sat by the side of her enemy.

"Listen, then," said the Countess in a low voice, "for it is a strange story, which has often struck me—I don't know why."

"Go on; I am trying to hear it," said Violet merrily. "I once read of a man who had murdered his wife!"

"Murdered his wife!" echoed the listener quietly. "He tried to escape justice."

"And he did?"

"No; he was caught and hung by the neck!"

"Go on."

"But his friends cut him down to save him."

"What use was that when he was dead?"

"He was not dead."

"Not dead?"

"A breath of life was still there."

"Ah!"

"He was resuscitated."

"My God! and a murderer?"

"Aye; and in another country he escaped the vengeance of the law, and married another woman!"

"O Heaven! how I pity that woman!"

"He had a secret."

"A secret?"

"Beneath the black handkerchief he ever wore around his neck."

"Around his neck?"

"The woman's heart was breaking to discover the secret of the handkerchief —"

"Yes; go on. What did she do?"

"Her husband's room was always locked and barred —"

"She could not enter."

"By searching the walls she found a panel, by which in the dead of night she entered her husband's room, and there lay, with his bare neck exposed."

"There was a mark upon it?"

"The hangman's mark was around his neck."

"What a terrible fate!"

"She had married a murderer!"

"Yes, yes; I understand it all. But come, let us join the guests below. I want to dance. You have thrown a cloud over my happiness with your strange and horrible story. Come, let us dance and be happy."

And the young Lady Ferdinand threw off the dark impression which Lady Vanderbuilt's story had caused her.

"Ah!" hissed the Countess. "To-morrow my words shall pierce your heart and brain like red-hot coals of fire, and the memory of who told the story will be in oblivion forever."

It was five o'clock in the morning before the guests had departed, a few friends of his lordship only remaining, consisting of the Duke De Vere, Count Horace, Thomas Harkaway, and Lord Ferdinand and their ladies.

The Lady Violet, who all the evening had been but attractive in her sweet, modest way, now startled the little party, especially her husband, with her gayety and lively conversation. The Earl of Chester led her to the piano, and Lord Ferdinand was surprised at the change that had taken place in his wife. Her voice, more powerful and pure, poured forth music that enchanted all present; and the cruel husband, who had grasped her white wrist, seemed drawn unaccountably towards her once again. As Lady Ferdinand ended her song, she felt the arm of her husband around her waist, and heard his voice, whispering in her ear to forgive him:

"Let us have a dance, Arthur," replied his wife to his question, as if she had not heard it.

"And I'll play for you," said Lady Vanderbuilt.

And sitting upon the stool Lady Ferdinand had just vacated, she played a brilliant polka, as her eyes followed the excited Violet, dancing like someone inspired, while her husband, at that moment led, as if by the fascination of some spell, danced on—that irresistible dance, which created such merriment to the beholders, and was never forgotten. At last, Lord Ferdinand, breathless and fatigued, fell on one of the lounges, bearing his young wife with him, her ringing laugh dying away from sheer exhaustion.

"And now, as this mad dance is over," said the host, smiling, "suppose we end our enjoyment by a game of whist?"

"A game of whist!" they cried, delighted, advancing quickly to the card-table.

"You and I, Lord Ferdinand," said Lady Vanderbuilt, throwing one of her bewildering glances upon him, "will be partners."

The Earl and the Duchess De Vere were the second couple at the same board as Lady Vanderbuilt and Lord Ferdinand, while Thomas Harkaway and Lady Ferdinand and the Count Horace Benton, with his betrothed, occupied the centre table.

"A diamond ring for the winner!" exclaimed Lady Vanderbuilt, placing a magnificent ring carelessly upon the table.

"My dearest Countess," said the Earl hurriedly, "you surely are not going to set the example of gambling?"

Lady Vanderbuilt held out her gloved hand, sparkling with jewels, to her husband, and, with the fascination she knew too well how to use, begged of him to consent that she might gamble a small fortune away for her amusement; swearing with pretty oaths of her own, that she never, never would gamble again. The Earl could not refuse her. No one present was more delighted than Lord Arthur Ferdinand. His pale face brightened and flushed at the thought of cards, diamonds and gambling.

"Could I bet for your love?" Lord Ferdinand whispered, as the Earl led the Duchess De Vere to a sidetable for some wine, which she desired to settle her nerves before she commenced gambling.

"What do you consider my love worth, my lord?" asked the Countess.

"All the wealth I own—title, estate, name, fortune—my very life itself—would I lay at your feet for—"

He hesitated.

"For what, my lord?" she asked in a low voice, whose magic thrilled the soul of the wretch who listened, and dared answer:

"For your smiles."

"While there's life, there's hope!" Lady Vanderbuilt whispered. "Hush! they are returning. But one word more. If you win the last game we play to-night, Lord Arthur Ferdinand —"

"If I win the last game —what then?"

"I am yours!"

Lady Vanderbuilt placed her finger upon her lips, as the Earl and the Duchess took their seats at the card-table.

Everyone at the table now laid costly jewelry upon the board. The Earl threw down his first card, and Lord Ferdinand was about to follow suit, when the Countess exclaimed:

"Stop! before we proceed, I wish to know how many games you intend to play?"

"Three," answered the Earl. "For it's almost daylight."

"Three be it, then!" they cried.

The game commenced now in real earnest. Lord Ferdinand's eyes flashed from card to card; not only his own, but those around him. A smile of triumph rested upon his lips, as trick after trick fell to him. The last card of the first game was thrown, and Lord Ferdinand and Lady Vanderbuilt won. The four pieces of jewelry were placed before the winners, who retained two, and again laid down the most beautiful to be won again. With deeper interest than the first the second game commenced. It was won by the first winners.

"This is remarkable," said the Earl, laughing. "I was not aware, my love, you were such a gambler."

"Oh," the Countess replied, "it is not *I* who win, my lord; I owe it all to my partner. But, I assure you, I won't be unjust," she continued. "I do wish to play the last game, and I do wish to be generous; therefore I am going to bet on diamonds. Oh, do not look so surprised, my Lord Ferdinand. You have won enough of wealth to-night, and my bet upon the next game shall be very simple."

All eyes gazed upon Lady Vanderbuilt, wondering how simple would be her bet.

The party in the immediate surroundings the first. "Ah! ah!" continued Lady Vanderbuilt, "is that the winners of our last game will present the losers with the handkerchiefs they wear around their necks, as a memorial."

"The winners!" exclaimed Lord Ferdinand, whose face had changed so suddenly that it was noticeable to his party present. "I am under the impression it's the losers of the game, my lady, that should present the winners."

"Oh, yes," Lady Ferdinand replied; "but I want it *my way*, as it is the last game. And I am sure you will win, my lord, and that Lord Chester will come in for my lovely handkerchief, the pattern of which I indeed intend to have taken off, and woven in a satin dress of mine."

This created a laugh, as it was taken for a joke, Lady Violet's laugh being heard above the rest. The champagne was brought round, Lord Ferdinand drank deeply, to the surprise of those present, yet it seemed, to those who observed him, that he grew more nervous, as he begged to have the last game over. Most intently was it played.

"Lord Ferdinand will win!" they cried.

The last card was thrown, and Lord Ferdinand arose from the table, as he said, with a disappointed bitterness in his voice, which was only understood by two of the party:

"My friends, I have lost."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I did so want your beautiful tie!" exclaimed Lady Vanderbuilt. Then, turning to her husband, she said: "My lord, be sure you send to Paris for one of that pattern."

"I will not fail," replied the Earl.

"Nay, my lord," urged Arthur Ferdinand, "do not put yourself to so much trouble. I will send this to the Countess if she desires it."

"The Countess desires it now, this minute," cried Lady Vanderbuilt. "Your refusal offends me."

And joining the others, the Countess of Chester, with a self-satisfied smile upon her lips, turned indifferently away from him.

"Curse the hour that I was born!" muttered the Lord of Ferdinand, as he stepped into his carriage alone. "I have lost the only woman I would dare sacrificed my life to possess. And by this cursed mark around my neck. Better to have died, than to have lived to wear the mark of my crime! Oh," he cried, in agony, "this is your work, Hester Bertram! Would that you had never been born, to tempt me! Why did I murder you? Because I was weary of you, feared you, and hated you. You, my enemy, my dear half-brother, he too stands like a serpent in my path, to poison me with his venomous breath. Oh, that I could *kill him!* My path would then be clear."

Arrived at his mansion, Lord Ferdinand at once retired, unattended, to his sleeping-apartment. After drinking deeply, he threw himself upon his bed, and, under the influence of the brandy, fell into a disturbed slumber.

The Earl of Chester's grand ball and reception in honor of his wife was over. The Duke and the Duchess De Vere were the only guests who remained overnight, except Lady Ferdinand.

Lady Vanderbuilt had triumphed. She had been pronounced the belle of England, the queen of beauty and fashion.

Lady Vanderbuilt rested a few hours, and, awaking suddenly, beheld the bright sun peeping through the lace curtains.

"Lady Violet—I wonder is she awake?" she said, springing from the lounge. Enveloped in a handsome wrapper, she glided quietly along the halls, and entered the apartment that Lady Ferdinand occupied, who, to her surprise, she found in a deep slumber. Standing by the side of the bed on which she lay, the Countess of Chester gazed long and bitterly upon the fair Violet.

"The effects of the wine I gave her are still in her veins. There is a painful nervous twitter in her lips, and her expression changes from sadness to joy."

Touching the bell, which was instantly answered, she ordered coffee to be brought to her at once. The coffee was brought, and Lady Vanderbuilt was again alone with the sleeper. She watched the pale face on the bed and sipped the delicious beverage. Pity and remorse for the young wife's sufferings filled her heart for the first time.

"It is not I who hates thee, poor girl; but my name is no longer Hester Bertram nor Lady Vanderbuilt. It is Vengeance!"

Bursting into a loud, hysterical laugh, the Countess of Chester paced the room.

"Away with remorse, with pity!" she cried. "What have I to live for but the consummation of my revenge?"

Once more gazing upon the sleeper, she murmured between her clenched teeth:

"Suffer day and night, as I have suffered. May you be the victim of his cruelty, as I have been."

Lady Ferdinand opened her eyes, and gazed wonderingly at the face looking down upon her.

"Are you sensible, Violet?" Lady Vanderbuilt asked, endeavoring to control herself, and to smile sweetly and speak softly.

"Who are you? And where am I?" uttered Lady Ferdinand in a frightened tone.

"Do you not know me, darling?"

"No; I never saw you before."

"Why, I am your dearest friend—Lady Vanderbuilt."

"I should never have thought so, for she looked so good, so lovely, while you —"

"While I, Violet—what do I look like?"

"Some beautiful fiend!"

"Rouse yourself, my dear," she said; "you are still dreaming. Here, drink this coffee, Violet. It will refresh you, and bring back your senses."

Placing one arm under the golden locks, she raised her gently, and insisted upon her drinking the coffee, whose delicious odor was certainly most inviting.

"Oh! it's Lady Vanderbuilt." Lady Ferdinand exclaimed suddenly. "This is indeed an honor, to be waited on by you, dear friend;" and, taking the cup, she emptied it to the drains.

"If I did not love you as if you were my own sister," said the Countess, "I would not be here."

"Oh, thank you, dear lady; for you known not how I need the love of a sister. But everything seems like a dream to me this morning," she added, "I thought at first that I was in my own mansion; but I am still in your palace, am I not?"

"Look around you, Violet, and you will be answered," said Lady Vanderbuilt, drawing aside the elegant lace curtains hanging about the couch on which she lay.

"Oh, gorgeous! grand! beautiful! superb! O Lady Vanderbuilt, who but you could own such magnificence? Oh, that picture, the Virgin Mary nursing Jesus!"

The fair Violet sprang from her bed, and, throwing herself in perfect abandon on her knees before the holy picture, to the surprise of her hostess, prayed that the Virgin Mary would bless her child and to teach her how to rear it.

"O, dear me, Holy Mother, in thy steps, teach me patience and resignation, the short time I have to live; and when I die, O let thy pure spirit guard my infant from sin and sorrow, that my babe, so dearly loved and worshiped, may rest with me upon thy spotless breast in thy great kingdom, where all is love, charity and peace. Amen."

And the Lady Ferdinand crossed herself, and with bowed head, kneeling and weeping, robed in her flowing night-dress, she looked indeed like some fallen angel seeking mercy of her God.

Lady Ferdinand struck her breast fiercely.

"Back, back!" she cried. "After such things have begun. What I breathed to her yesterday is dawning upon her soul. The warning of some deep sorrow unknown is budding in her heart. The dawn will soon turn into day, and the bud into a flower. I can wait. Your devoted husband," said Lady Vanderbuilt aloud, with hate and mockery in her heart, "will be anxious about his precious little wife; and sweet baby, the image of her father, will be crying for its mamma. I think, my dear, you had better return to the mansion—not that I want you to leave, but because I think it better. I will send a maid to attend upon you; and when you are ready I will accompany you to Ferdinand mansion."

Lady Violet raised herself from the floor, and without a word commenced dressing. As she dressed herself, her face was turned from Lady Vanderbuilt's view.

"Had you not better wait for your maid?" said Lady Vanderbuilt, ringing the bell.

"I am not accustomed to be waited on," the Countess of Chester approached her.

"Violet, my darling, what ails you?"

"I don't know," Lady Ferdinand replied, with such a pale, woebegone, changed face, that Lady Vanderbuilt actually started as she looked at her.

"Leave me, continued Lady Ferdinand. "I want no one, nothing—I want to go home: I want my child."

"You are rude, Lady Ferdinand!" said Lady Vanderbuilt in a reproachful voice, as she turned to leave the room.

"Oh, no—no!" cried the victim; "I am not rude. But I feel a weight around my heart; and something, I know not what, pressing into my brain, as if to force out the memory of words which would fill me with horror. Send me home—I am ready."

Lady Vanderbuilt quietly begged she would drink some wine, but it was not the wine from the secret closet. Her ladyship assured her she would soon be followed the usher, and, after exchanging bantering congratulations with the witty Mrs. Rutledge.

"I have seen you rushing round the streets like one entranced,' she said quizzingly. 'Might I venture to inquire what sublime theme employed your rapt meditation?'

"Unconsciously I glanced towards Madame Beauclerc's box, my companion's quick eye followed, and almost immediately the conversation ran as follows:

"'What an extraordinary woman that is! There is something of the glitter of the bird of prey in those eyes of hers. A woman, if she is a judge at all, is the best judge of a woman,' he said, raising her opera-glass and focusing the pale beauty opposite; 'and to me, Madame Beauclerc—Madame Pulleyn—Madame Rochambeau, or whatever she may at present choose to call herself—looks like one of those lost spirits whose punishment consists in never being able to forget that they were made for better purposes.'

"'Has she so many *aliases*?' I asked with an anxiety I vainly tried to smother.

"My companion darted at me a scrutinizing glance, and then, with provoking deliberation, replied:

"'Well, not exactly *aliases*; but she has had an extended experience of the world, and of mankind especially—she has had either four or five husbands already.'

"'Impossible!' I exclaimed.

"'Keep cool, artistic dreamer! What I am telling you is capable of demonstration, but be careful. See, she is watching us, and, though I cordially detest her, I do not care that she should know it.'

"'What became of her husbands?' I asked.

"'Poor Pulleyn died six months ago of a decline. As far as I can learn, they all went pretty nearly in the same interesting way.'

"'I should not suppose, however, that the present candidate for her hand is likely to be similarly carried off,' I said.

"A slight shrug of the shoulders was my companion's only response; and shortly afterwards I made my adieux.

"The next Winter I spent in Rome, and among the most merry, sparkling rioters of the carnival I saw the blowing horn proceeded the grand Mrs. Stanley—that was her name now. She looked younger and more bewitchingly beautiful than ever. But her husband was not by her side. Later on I saw him in a window watching the merry throng. I cannot describe the shock I felt to witness his altered appearance. On his face, so worn and haggard, so cruelly altered since I last saw it, there were evidences of decay that eloquently told he was not long for earth.

"Five years later I embarked in a Pacific steamer from San Francisco to the Isthmus. A lady was sitting on the deck reading when I went on board. It was impossible to mistake the pliant figure, the graceful poise of the beautiful head, or the exquisitely gloved hand. She at once recognized me, and gave me a large share of her company and conversation. Before I had been an hour in her society I was her bounden slave. In a week I was absurdly happy when she smiled, miserable when she frowned, and ready at all times to carry like her poodle. What need to prolong the exquisite misery? We were married in Paris, and there I established my studio. With such a wife I was inspired by a nobler ambition, and I resolved to bid high for Fame.

"Well, I painted, and sought inspiration in those fiery eyes of hers; and she looked around me and filled the air with fragrance and with beauty. I was intoxicated with her—charmed, fascinated, bewitched. Her form was animated marble, her lips were a hungering passion-flower. Ah, the bliss of that exquisite dream—that sarcasts, fading dream!

"My friends began to tell me that I looked pale and overworked. I had felt languid and prostrated frequently of late; and I now saw that there were dark bands below my eyes. Poor Di. was terribly alarmed, and insisted that I should cease work and devote all my energies to physical recuperation. Never did a wife appear so devoted. The doctors were pounded beyond measure, for I steadily continued to sink.

"Di. urged a change of air, and we went to Naples; but the change did not benefit me. Lethargic slumbers and death-like fainting-fits characterized my sleep; and my poor wife fluttered over my pillow like a turtle-dove over her nest, and fondled and caressed and comforted and reassured me.

"Before long I was so feeble that I could not walk, and I had the bed turned round, so that I could see the blue waters of the glorious bay. One day, as I lay there watching the white sails and pondering over my condition, while Di. went to procure me some choice fruit, my eye happened to catch the reflection of my face in the opposite mirror. I started with horror. The coverlet of the bed was of crimson silk, the hangings were of gold-colored damask, and my own pale face recalled another I now remember perfectly through the mists of years. The face that I had sketched over twenty years ago was my face precisely as it looked now; the bed and its surroundings were those I had seen in my dream. There was no resisting the collateral inference—my wife was a professional vampire. I crept from the bed and I secured my revolver. I saw that every cartridge was in its place, and I took a draught of wine and waited.

"She returned at last, and rushed at me and kissed me passionately. Ah, I remembered where I had seen the glorious bust and the beautifully molded arms now!

"'Di.,' I said, 'lock the door, give me the key, and I will tell you a story. She seemed delighted to gratify any whim of mine, and in half a minute the key was under my pillow, and she was sitting ten feet off, in quiet expectation.

"I told her the dream as I have told it to you—slowly and impressively—keenly noting every expression of her face.

"Before I finished, the woman before me was metamorphosed. She had grown old and haggard, and the fiery eyes had sunk back in a sea of wrinkles.

"She brought me the morocco case, and its two beautiful instruments of polished steel that had gradually deprived nine husbands of life. Yes, she confessed on her knees that she was forty-five years of age, and that I was her tenth husband ——

"'Blood-sucking monster,' I said, 'end thy wretched life!'

"The ball sped straight to its goal. The beautiful vampire was dead, and I was free to live. And here I am accordingly. Good-bye."

A MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.

Only a few faded flowers,
But I touch them with more care,
And they are dearer now to me
Than when they were fresh and fair:
Only a few faded flowers,
Withered and gone to decay,
But they bring to my mind the hours
Of a youth that has passed away.

Only a few faded flowers,
But yet they are dear to me,
Though dead as the days of pleasure
I never again shall see;
Only a few faded flowers,
Their perfume has passed away—
Oh! life it is very fleeting,
And the night succeeds the day!

Only a few faded flowers!
Their fragrance and beauty have fled,
And the hand and the heart that gave them—
Ah, the hand and the heart are dead!
Only a few faded flowers,
Exhaling no perfumed breath,
But oh, how dear a trifle's made
By the cruel hand of Death!

A SKETCH OF BYGONE DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

After seeing the "Lions of Paris" in the Summer of '34, I was on the eve of departure for London, when the death of Lafayette was announced.

I had left England with two other young scapegraces as companion tourists, to do la belle France, but I soon found I could not assimilate with their tastes and general bearing. Their practical English jokes, and levity towards anything they considered *outre*, were not only distasteful to me, but frequently came near bringing me into trouble with our Gallic neighbors.

While en route from Lyons, in that delectable vehicle ycleped a diligence, we had a fourth passenger in our compartment, who proved to be a "live Yankee from Boston," a genus-homo seldom met with in those days. Our American cousins had little inclination or desire (generally speaking) to cross the Atlantic for pleasure only, as in later years, when it was bridged over by steamships.

Our Far-West fellow-passenger was not only "a white man," but understood "the English language" sufficiently to announce his inclination and ability to pull the nose of any Britisher" who offered intentional insults to him. This was in allusion to some covert by-play one of my companions had indiscreetly practiced towards him, but which he was quick to perceive and comment upon.

After my ignoring and apologizing for the young man's folly, he and I entered into pleasanter topics of conversation, introducing each other in so sincere and friendly a manner that, had one of us been of the opposite sex, it would have been quoted as a case of "love at first sight."

Youth forms its friendships rapidly. I was impulsive, while he was placid and self-possessed; but as we cordially shook hands, some calm, quiet feeling told us these opposites of character would prove mutually advantageous.

Observing other senseless features from my party, he advised, when next I started out for pleasure, to be careful who I picked up, and to remember that "two are company," whether males or females, but a third party generally turned out confounded bore, and that if he was in my place he would vamoose from two such "darn'd fools," and go it alone, as he was doing.

This advice, given in unmistakable tones, caused my companions to bristle up—culminating in a war of words and heads; but, before coming to any demonstrative being of more stalwart dimensions, and their senior, it quickly simmered down. However, the result was a determination on my part to act on my new acquaintance's advice; therefore, on our arrival in Paris, my uncongenial mates adjourned to one hotel, while my transatlantic cousin and self ensconced ourselves in the then favorite "Meurice's."

This change threw into my path one of the best and staunchest friends I ever had on earth. His matter-of-fact republican sentiments and expressions were so new and unique to my staid English notions, that he soon won my esteem and confidence, ultimately cementing into sworn brotherhood, thereby rendering our sojourn in that gay city one of the most pleasant and agreeable epochs in our lives.

But as everything, good or bad, must have an ending, we found that business-calls told us we must part—he staying in Paris, awaiting advices from the States, and I preparing to start for England, when, as stated at the commencement of this sketch, the death of Lafayette occurred.

The announcement had little effect upon me, as I was comparatively ignorant of the General's antecedents; my friend it was who lucidly and clearly, judging from the fervent "God rest his soul!" that he uttered. Observing my nonchalant bearing, he expressed surprise at my not being better posted in American history, and soon enlightened me with incidents of the Revolutionary days, warmly extolling the deceased hero's gallant assistance in America's hour of need. How well I remember at this distant day his glowing patriotic remarks, and learned in after life to respect him for such loyalty. He so enlisted my sympathy that I acceded to his wish that I would defer my departure, in order to accompany him and see Lafayette's remains laid in mother earth, he promising in consideration to spend a few weeks with me in Manchester previously to his homeward voyage.

Suffice it, we joined the funeral cortege, and saw all that was left of the brave man entombed in one of the small suburban cemeteries, friend B—— leaving a chaplet of flowers as a patriotic tribute, suspended from the railings, with letters of "America" inscribed within the circlet.

The following morning he was grasping my hand by the side of a cumbrous Calais diligence (what a misnomer); and just as the dragoon-booted postilion was blowing his horn preparatory to the grand start, a lady and gentleman drove up in a fiacre, evidently in haste. The latter personage, seeing me already seated, inquired if I was "Anglais gentilhomme," and would I please "do the necessary devoirs to Mlle. Guillois during the tedious journey to Londres?" On receiving my affirmative, the lady was placed by my side; and after receiving "a stage-whisper" from B—— as to my good luck, and the envy he felt, we rambled out of the yard, amid more noise and confusion, gesticulations and cracking of whips, than are attendant nowadays upon starting half a dozen trains. In the course of conversation mademoiselle notified me, in sweet tones of broken English, that her dear brother Alphonse, with whom we had just parted, was a confidential clerk in the great banking-house of Laffite & Co., and that she was going to Londres to fulfill an engagement as French governess to the daughters of the Duke of B——n.

My fair proteges *pro tem.* was unquestionably handsome, sparkling and vivacious—owning to having seen twenty-three Summers, while I counted only twenty-one, and was possessed of impressionable feelings "beyond my years." She, doubtless, divined this, and, consequently, heaped "coals of fire" on me with her fascinating glances and by-play.

It is needless to inform the reader how I anticipated her wants and requirements—making myself her banker, walking arm-in-arm up the dusty inclines, and whispering to her "the soft nothings" of my feelings, which she tacitly received and encouraged with winning smiles and gra—ce. Suffice, that by the time we reached Calais I was "enslaved for life."

As good luck would have it, for one in my "pensive condition," there were a two-hours' sea and strong head-winds, which prevented the steam-packet leaving the harbor. This delay caused pleasant tete-a-tetes while staying at the hotel, during which she had acquired "all my travels' history," and, in return, gave me hers; also entering me of the great pleasure she should receive in our future correspondence, when "cursed fate" would separate us—Manchester and London being two hundred miles apart, and a twenty-four hours' coach-ride those days.

I had purchased in my travels many souvenirs for "the dear ones at home," to wit: sufficient Lyons velvet for a dress, a Cashmere shawl, and several yards of Valenciennes lace for materfamilias, two Geneva gold watches, chains, rings, etc., for my sisters, all of which I intended smuggling over the Channel and cheating John Bull of his dues, if possible. What a chuckling delight many of us evince for this sort of thing, and how few moralists can withstand it.

My fascinating Julie, during this detention, had been indefatigable in my behalf, viz., by cutting the piece of velvet into certain lengths, and affixing them to a waist of her own, in some shape that was to defy the vigilance of the custom-house officials at Dover. Clad in this garment, with the shawl on her shoulders, rings on her fingers, a gold watch at her side, and her fair bosom encircled with lace, she and I embarked for the cliffs of Albion, which we safely reached, and successfully landed our contraband effects. After resting a few

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

JUDEX, Baltimore.—"Will you please decide through the columns of your paper the following point in fifteen-ball pool? If a player, in taking aim, touch the cue-ball with the head of his cue, moving it, and then quickly strikes again before the motion of the white ball has ceased making it strike and pocket one of the numbered balls, the white ball not going into a pocket, but remaining on the table, is this a scratch or a foul? A claims that B struck the white ball with his cue in such a manner that the white ball missed every ball on the table—or would have done so, had B not struck the second stroke, which second stroke, he confesses, was made while white ball was still moving, and upon this A claims a scratch and the toss off his opponent. B, on the other hand, claims that, had he allowed the white ball to stop rolling and then forced another stroke, this would have been a scratch first, and then a foul; but since the white ball was still in motion, and might have struck a ball before it stopped rolling (though not likely), thus saving a scratch, then this striking the ball again with his cue, altering its course and forcing it against the nearest ball, was a foul, and not a scratch. B also begs the editor to remember that when a player misses and moves his ball a few inches, the other players invariably call foul, and he then shoots for safety. There has been considerable discussion, and there is now a large bet pending your decision, which please publish, with full letter, in your next." It is a miss, the presumption being that B knew his ball would not reach another, as otherwise he would not have hit it the second time. To gain a mark of three, and the white ball is to be replaced approximately in the position it would have occupied but for the second stroke, while the object-ball is also to be returned. B seems to have had the misfortune to learn the billiards in a poor school, side his argument as to moving his ball a few inches. At no game of billiards can a player play for safety after he has touched his own ball. As to his argument with reference to moving the white ball to stop rolling, before hitting it again, he could have done that without incurring any penalty. He had already played the only stroke to which he was entitled, when he touched the cue-ball. Even assuming that he would have been permitted to hit the cue-ball again after it had ceased rolling, he would simply have been playing in the place of the next striker, in which event the disturbed ball or balls must be replaced. Seldom does such contingency and the next striker would have the privilege of playing for himself.

H. T., Somerset.—Carry a vial of aqua-ammonia (hartshorn) to touch therewith the bite of a black fly, to prevent the secondary effect. Also a vial of glycerine mixed with essence of penny-royal, as a general preventive to musquito incursions. Or, call for ammonia to rub in bites at any druggist, Broadway; or, refer to the recipe against black flies and musquitos in Genio C. Scott's book on "Fishing in America."

NEW CHUM, Lancaster.—1. Jerry was the oldest, and Dan the youngest. 2. You can buy the cork prepared cheaper than you can make it. We pour hands, then take a small quantity of cork, rub it well in the hands, and then rub the face with your hands. Wash it off with plenty of soap and water. 3. From 30 to 40 weeks. 4. No. 5. No such stage manager as you describe to teach them the business. 6. His company is already full.

HARLEM.—The fire broke out on Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1868, at nine p. m., in the five-story building of Messrs. Comstock & Andrews, 25 Merchant street. That was formerly called Hanover street, and is so called now. No. 25 ran through to 131 Pearl. Fire originated in the upper story, which was occupied on Pearl street by Messrs. Berkhand, French importer, and on Merchant street by Berkhand, King.

A SUBSCRIBER, Port C.—1. Yes; some balls require two hands. 2 Deadwood pins count. 3. There is, or ought to be, a delivery line marked on the alley. 4. A "strike" is where all the pins are knocked down by one ball. A "spare" is that is safe, the two balls rolled having knocked down all the pins. Had the first ball made a "strike," there would have been a "double spare."

RATHBONE.—To take full charge of the costumes of the theatre, to see them correctly given out and returned, to keep them in repair, and to make such new ones as may be required. 2. By apprenticing yourself to some costumer for two years. 3. Not to do it. It would require some years of study and practice ere you could take full charge. 5. Most probably.

J. J. G., Montclair.—1. 1,413¼, made by Searcher, at Lexington, Ky., May 13, 1875. 2. We never saw such sheets, save those issued for several years by this paper. For the last two years it has been superseded by THE CLIPPER ANNUAL, price fifteen cents, which you can procure of ANY newsdealer.

M. C., Troy.—On so close a matter you will have to appeal to some more veteran, whether steamboat or rail, or as the crow flies, and also whether the distance is meant to cover merely the space between those limits of the two cities which are nearest to each other, or from City Hall to City Hall.

C. M. W., Sangatuck.—1. It is not likely that any one person can give you the weights of those horses. 2. Gilroy's Maid Alway is the Red Cloud that you probably mean (record of 2:18) is also bay; bay, too, is Pilot Temple. 3. The best four-mile running time is 7:19½, by Fellowcraft, at Hastings, May 30, 1874.

D. M., Buffalo.—1. He has been "so much" married that we cannot inform you. 2. First appeared on the stage in Baltimore, Md., her first appearance being as the little child in "Uncle," acting with Miss Batemen when that play was first presented in Boston at the Howard Athenæum.

NEW ORPHANS.—The play was first produced at the Union-square Theatre. Some persons constructed a drama based upon a story of the plot of the play referred to, published in a book-form, and it was produced in Paris, and that drama was acted at Niblo's Garden.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.—Headquarters U. S. M. A., West Point, September 1, 1874. The rules for the conduct of the academy prohibit the furnishing of extracts from its records, except by direction of the War Department. We shall have to look elsewhere. Please see next week.

CENTENNIAL SUBSCRIBER.—Send Mr. Nicholas Longworth's sons would answer your question: London, New York and Liverpool; while others, equally well-informed, would say: London, Paris and Fort-on-the-Main. We cannot, therefore, undertake to decide.

Q. B. D., Peterboro.—1. We prefer not to give advice in the matter. 2. You are not too young. 3. Certainly; and if you have the chance to join a good club in the spring, you can probably devote six months or a year's steady practice with benefit to yourself.

SHOW READERS.—Take your brother with you. Try and get an engagement in some variety theatre. It is too late to engage with a circus this year. As you become known during the Fall and Winter, it will be time before you an engagement with some circus for the next season.

T. L., Fort Cameron.—Lexington's best time for four miles is 7:39¼, made at New Orleans on April 2, 1855—has been eclipsed by Fellowcraft, whose 7:19¾ was made at Saratoga last year. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC would keep you posted in those matters.

Z. Q., Chicago.—The adoption of the rule forfeiting games by a score of 9 to 0 was followed by the defeat of the Chicago nine by the Mutuals in 9 to 0 in actual play, and since then the term being "chicagoed" has applied to all games ending in a series of nine blanks for the losing side.

SUBSCRIBER, Brandon.—The number is one to twelve and a half, or as it is the number of cards in the deck divided by the number of disks—king and ace—that will beat the queen of diamonds.

DORA L. G., Little Falls.—Managers do not engage persons, and then teach them the business. You may get an engagement with some traveling company in your vicinity to play small parts.

NOSEY BROWN.—We know nothing about the financial business of the professional clubs, their receipts, expenses, the salaries they pay, etc., and our correspondents will save time by not asking such questions.

STRIKER.—"A bets that it is not allowable in a game of baseball for batsman to strike the ball with his bat, that is, grasp the bat with both hands. B bets that it is allowable." A loses.

WAR WHOOP, Mt. Vernon.—1. They will probably come in about Gould's Hill, Nov. 15, or perhaps third. 2. The letter T in the score refers to times at the bat. 3. We prefer St. Louis, as more harmonious.

C. L. W., Boston.—1. It cannot say. 2. Do not know. 3. No, it was another Malone. 4. The two Wrights, Gould, Brainard, Hatfield, Swasey, Leonard, Waterman and Rogerson, we believe. 5. Cannot say.

CLARENCE.—1. No title page must be printed. 2. Yes; two printed copies should be sent. 3. It is the same. The manager of the theatre paid for it. 4. There are several—consult a professional. 5. Don't said so.

ADAM.—By sending a printed title-page, that copyrights the title. You must send two printed copies of the play to the Librarian of Congress to perfect the copyright of the play. 2. Not that is safe.

T. B. AND C. H.—1. Similar performers receive from $75 to $100 per week. 2. Close study and practice will enable you to become a singer, and the latter will accomplish the other desired result.

E. C. G., Cleveland.—On the bare statement as submitted, A wins the bet. 2. We do not know what was meant by a mile and a half, which, in the absence of any explanation, means that the distance was not so great as that.

B. C., Bloomfield.—The game having been four-ball caroms, the player was entitled to all he made with the wrong ball. After he had made the second shot with it, no claim could be brought against him.

S. J., Jersey City.—It was a miss, and then a foul; but the foul, which prevents the counting of any object-ball that may be pocketed, does not release the striker from the penalty of the miss, which is the loss of three points.

J. DEBATER.—1. In the issue dated Oct. 31, 1874. 2. Yes. 3. Address a letter to him, inclosing stamps for return postage, with full letter, in your next.

C. C. KELLY.—1. See De Witt's "Umpire's Guide." 2. You can jerk the ball or send it in by an underhand throw.

BALL-PLAYER.—The score stood 5 to 5 of victories and defeats. Illegible.

POLICY.—Hot Springs.—He keeps a large book-store on Nassau street, and the advertisement was legitimate.

F. P. S., Peoria.—We cannot say. Address a letter to Avery Smith, Revere House, this city.

W. C., Lansing.—His name does not appear in the directory, but we will endeavor to find out for you next week.

F. H. JAY, Sterling.—The advertisement costs two dollars and ten cents for each insertion.

R. J. F., Ithaca.—He is at his home in Philadelphia, Pa., and is not performing at present.

DESPAIRING READER, Steubenville.—1. Dick Pearce; age, 40. 2. Phelan's work.

D. C., Providence.—Harry Wright was born in England, and George in New York.

L. T., Amphitheatre.—Ben De Bar of De Bar's Opera-houses, St. Louis, Mo., who is now in this city.

J. J. Q., Albany.—In MRS. ARE S. Stephens' work. Almost any publication would secure a copy for you.

J. G., Waterbury.—A loses. It does not necessarily take thirty balls to make 300 at tenpins.

"CHICAGO.—Your card would cost one dollar and sixty-five cents for each insertion.

SHORTY, Newark.—State if it was a partner game, or single-handed.

J. H., Cincinnati.—E loses the pot. It was his duty to see that he had only the cards called for.

X. Y., Toledo.—There are no offers connected with the Seventh-regiment drum corps.

F. M. C., Augusta, Me.—As this is A. D. 1875, how can 1875 A. D. years have passed? Wait till midnight of Dec. 31, this year.

W. R., Boston.—A loses. The basket and the netting are as much a part of the balloon as the gas cylinder.

M. J. C., Chicago.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

H. F., Chicago.—Address her in care of the Union-square Theatre, in this city.

MUTUAL.—They prefer not to give such information to the public.

E. B. C.—Unless the publication is copyrighted, and marked "All rights reserved," anyone can dramatize it.

HENDERSON, Chicago.—A letter addressed to her in care of this office may reach her.

L. Y., Milwaukee.—Such works have been printed, but they cannot now be had in this country.

A. C., Philadelphia.—We have no room, but we have published bills of the same company twice already.

L. V. V., Martinsville.—Write to Theodore J. Harbach, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. J. H., Boston.—In the best of our belief the matter has been settled, and will not come before the courts.

J. J., Harrisburg.—Lung-testers are manufactured by E. Smith, 9 Ferrell place, Newark, New Jersey.

W. H. B.—They prefer that such information should not be given to the public.

BROWN, Syracuse.—We believe he is; but are not positively certain.

J. H. JR., Merchantville.—Born in Boston, Mass., July 23, 1815.

SELASTRA.—There was no game, no umpire being present.

PEABODY.—Not out, of course, as the umpire did not call.

H. W. P., Memphis.—Address him in care of this office.

J. E., Ann Arbor.—A can play his ace on B's "seven."

J. H. D., See our Sporting Annual, now out.

R. A. S., Philadelphia.—She has never been married.

C. D. L., Corning.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

ACTOR, Brooklyn.—Whether called outs or hands out.

F. T. SCHULTZ, Bethlehem.—Certainly he can.

RED JACK.—Your question is not definite.

MUTUAL, Albany.—In 1873. 2. Salaries and their.

CROSSING, Boston.—We cannot go alone.

SECRETARY, Griffin.—There is no rule.

MUTUAL, Henderson, Ky.—Yes.

THIS WEEK'S CLIPPER is chuck full of good things. It contains full reports of the racing at Louisville, Ky.; details of the week's trotting at Fleetwood Park; reports of games of billiards and scratches for billiard exponents—the latest aquatic news; baseball proceedings in all parts of the country, including the extraordinary 1 to 0 game in this vicinity on Friday last; pedestrianism; shooting; rowing; everything, in fact, to gladden the sportsman, and carry happiness to the lovers of athletic, manly exercises. THE CLIPPER is likewise unusually interesting in its budget of theatrical and show news, embracing, as it does, information from all parts of the world, arranged and classified in such systematic order that he who runs may read. Entertaining sketches, interesting poems, the boiled-down news of the week, answers to correspondents, list of letters received during the week, and other specialties, combine to make THE CLIPPER a live and welcome paper. We shall not speak of the laber and expense necessary to perfect such a paper; but, as our theatrical friends would say, it is "produced at enormous expense."

"FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS."—The haze which hung over the city on Thursday and Friday last is said to have resulted from the clouds of smoke wafted here from the burning mountains in Pennsylvania. How glad we should be that New York is a full-grown city, instead of a *miner* town!

The Difference.

To those who *theorize on* Henry's guilt
Doth *Theo-rize* much higher every way;
While those who think the pastor true and pure
Are quite resolved their *Ward* shall win the day.

MAY WE respectfully suggest that a salute of one hundred guns be fired in the City-hall Park in honor of the adjournment of our State Legislature? Surely, *some* suitable acknowledgment should be made, and what more suitable than fire after so much smoke!

BERCHER'S COUNSEL are still pouring out their vials of wrath on the offending heads of Tilton and Moulton, who have been compelled to take a strong dose *Porter;* but their day of deliverance will come when the *Beech nut* is cracked.

THE WARM WEATHER of the latter part of the past week was so "keenly felt" as to thaw out a score or two of white hats that had been frozen in since last October. They proved to be harbingers of Summer.

THEY say that the collegians who moved on the enemy's works at Princeton, and captured a cannon, are to be discharged! The report needs confirmation.

A DIAMOND CROSS has been presented to Cardinal McCloskey by the Order of Mount St. Vincent. And yet the Cardinal bears his cross meekly.

WESTON is said to be a *strong* man, yet his recent *two-week* attempts to walk would prove him to be otherwise.

SHERMAN'S book on the "late unpleasantness" has stirred up another rebellion, in which paper missiles figure.

WESTON the walkist ought to join some first-class baseball club, because he makes such a capital *short stop!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ May 17: Governor Tilden of New York vetoed the act to regulate the course of proceedings at a trial on a charge of felony, the act to authorize the Police Justices of new trials, and the act to legalize the acts of the Elmira Common Council..... The jury in the case of Father Gerdeman, the Catholic Philadelphia clergyman charged with bezzling church funds, failed to agree on a verdict, and were discharged..... It was announced that Sharkey, the escaped murderer, was on his way from Havana, Cuba, to New York..... Detective Davis, of the city of Boston, Mass., has patches stated that the British Government demands reparation from the Chinese for the murder of Mr. Margary, leader of a surveying expedition that a Prince recently died at the young Empress of China, recently deceased, was murdered for State reasons; that the Carlistsithad been repulsed in a second attack on Pampeluna; that in an editorial the Queen pursued by the British Government during the recent war alarm, the Paris *Moniteur* said: "England, by raising her voice in favor of peace, has eminently served her own interests"..... Mary Whiteside, supposed to have been insane, hanged herself in Brooklyn, N. Y., with a shawl..... Lowell's Mills at Lawrence, Mass., resumed operations, giving employment to 10,000 hands..... Bergheim & Rismo's store, the Sawyer House, *The Examiner* office, and other buildings in Waco, Texas—loss about $75,000; insured for $30,000.

☞ May 19: In the County Court of Chicago, Ill., the widow of Abraham Lincoln was declared insane, and ordered to be removed to the hospital at Batavia..... After amending it so as to make its provisions apply to New York and Westchester only, the New York Senate ordered the Husted Rapid-transit bill to a third reading..... Moses Bolock, John Lewers, and George Richards were killed by an explosion at the Hazardville (Ct.) Powder Works..... It was established that *The London Times*, in an editorial contrasting English and American efforts to reduce national debt, regretted that the United States in this respect shows more the spirit of a nation conscious of a great destiny, and anxious, above all things, that no shortcomings of the present generation shall interfere with the teachings their children have received; that it was semi-officially denied that Prince Bismarck sent a circular dispatch complaining that the adoption of the French Army Cadres bill was dangerous to the peace of Europe; that the smallpox is prevalent in the Caribbean Sea; that the colonial period was decreed opened in Spain, and during the time prescribed the press will be allowed to discuss all constitutional questions; that the meetings of public political meetings may be held; that the Spanish Government avows its intention of doing justice to the Church; that twenty-three members of the Committee of Thirty of the Versailles Assembly resigned; that the sinking of the steamer Schiller had fallen in, covering the specie, the greater part of the cargo, and probably a number of bodies; and that John T. Lee, a detailer of Detroit, Mich., was among those lost by the wreck of the steamer Cadiz..... Mary Hawkins, aged 20, of Waterbury, Ct., drowned herself in a well of water..... Oscar V. Wainwright, imprisoned in Kings County, N. Y., for perjury, was pardoned by the President..... Kate O'Toole, tried in this city for killing her child by strangulation, was convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and sent to State Prison for two years..... Luther H. Talmage of Brooklyn, N. Y., was run over and killed by a cart..... James Murray died from a gunshot wound inflicted the day previously by a Mr. Farrell, at Marion, Ill..... Losses by fire: C. L. Long's wagon and blacksmith shop and other property, Rutland, Vt.—loss $17,000; fires in the woods at Pepperell, Howard and Clinton, Mass.—loss $15,000; George P. Stearns & Co.'s store and a house at Conway, N. H.—loss $12,000, insured for $10,000; the Rev. Mr. Marien's residence at Bloomfield, N. Y.—loss about $4,000; Frank T. Willett's blacksmith shop, Westchester County, N. Y.—loss $4,800; Burghelm & Risno's store, the Sawyer House, *The Examiner* office, and other buildings in Waco, Texas—loss about $75,000; insured for $50,000.

☞ May 20: The New York Senate amended and passed the Husted Rapid-transit bill..... The Memphis, Tenn., Water-works were sold at auction for $570,000, for the benefit of the bondholders..... The one hundredth anniversary of the Mecklenburg, N. C., declaration of independence was celebrated..... Four prisoners escaped from the Newburg, N. Y., lockup by digging through the turnkey's eyes..... K. C. Barker, Fred Dudgeon, Frank Webb, and a boy named Miller were drowned by the upsetting of a yacht at Detroit, Mich..... Rev. Thos. S. Marshall, of Middletown, Ct., committed suicide by cutting his throat..... *The Globe* and *The Democrat* newspapers of St. Louis, Mo., were consolidated, under the style and title of *The Globe-Democrat*..... Governor Hartranft was officially reported as prevailing in the neighborhood of Osceola and Tobyhanna, Pa., and Port Jervis, N. Y. At the first-named place great destruction of property was caused, including the loss of 1,500,000 feet of lumber..... Several children escaped from the town to Phillipsburg in a train of box-cars..... The ladies of Mt. St. Vincent presented Cardinal McCloskey with a magnificent diamond cross, valued at $30,000..... Judge Lawrence, in Supreme Court, Chambers, this city, dismissed the writ of habeas corpus by which Judge Barnard, in behalf of John Carey, sought to release him from holding the opinion that the State authorities have no jurisdiction in the case. He is now held to await a warrant of extradition..... A dispatch from Havana, Cuba, stated that Sharkey is still concealed in that city..... It was telegraphed from Europe that two Commissioners will represent France at the Philadelphia Centennial, and that the duke de Broglie will preside over the French Council to cover the expense of sending representatives; that *The* (Paris) *Figaro's* suggestion that France's revenge be declared when Germany commits a great outrage, and that Carlists claimed a victory as the result of two days' fighting near Valmaseda, Spain; and that ex-Queen Amelia, widow of the late King Otho of Greece, was dead..... It was made known that Mr. Bismarck, while at Gastein, had a private conference with Count Andrassy, Prime Minister of Austria-Hungary..... Mrs. William Fresch, aged 28, was killed on the railroad at Hackensack, N. J..... The Governor of Missouri appointed Janes as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, to avert the threatened grasshopper plague.

☞ May 21: It was reported that on the previous evening Alonzo Jackson and Albert Smith, their wives and two children each, went over the dam near Zanesville, O., in a skiff, drowning both women and one child of each..... Jesse Hale was dangerously burned by an explosion of alcohol in G. R. Claflin & Co.'s drug-store, Providence, R. I..... Losses by fire: the Temple Iron Company's furnace, Temple Station, Pa.—loss $30,000, insured for $10,000; 17 stacks of straw belonging to Hodgman & Pulser's paper-mill, Fort Edward, N. Y.—loss $10,000, insurance $5,000; Weston & Ge.'s saw-mill, Fort Madison, Iowa—loss $50,000, insurance $12,500; T. G. O'Brien's store and a tenement-house, Mitchlogue, West Springfield, Mass.—loss $9,000.

☞ May 22: News from abroad was to the effect that the Roman Catholic Bishops of Prussia who petitioned the Emperor, and received a reply from the Ministers of State, have made rejoinder that to reject the decision of the Vatican Council would be to renounce Catholicism, and that they are satisfied the Holy See would be willing to act in conformity with all proper decisions of the State Government; that a motion to refer to the Committee of Thirty a bill defining the relations of the public powers was defeated in the French Assembly; that the Alfonsists had captured the formidable position occupied by the Carlists at Montserrat, only twenty-three miles from Barcelona, that Senor Sagasta had withdrawn from Spanish politics until he is able to submit the acts of his party to public opinion; that Senor Castelar had been elected to the Brazil, Brazil, S. A., had suspended payment; that the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic entertained Dr. Dorchester at breakfast in Liverpool, Eng.; and that the Government had been enabled, through the increase in revenue, to repay $500,000 of the $2,000,000 borrowed from the Spanish Bank in Cuba..... The Husted Rapid-transit bill and the Railroad Commission bill were passed by the New York Assembly..... In Brooklyn, N. Y., James Riley, who killed his brother-in-law, John Monahan, was found guilty of murder in the third degree..... Reuben B. Springer offered to give $125,000 towards the erection of a grand music hall in Cincinnati, O..... Chandler, Hart & Co., boot and shoe dealers of Philadelphia, suspended, liabilities from $200,000 to $250,000..... James Murphy was killed, and Henry Ebber, M. F. Sherrer and M. S. Talbot seriously injured, by the fall of an elevator in St. Louis, Mo..... Charles Kilchrach died in this city from a dose of morphine, taken with suicidal intent..... Losses by fire: a number of stores and dwellings in Mahanoy City, Pa.—loss about $75,000, nearly covered by insurance; Buffalo & Young's livery stable and other buildings, Lexington, Mo.—loss $30,000, insured for $18,000; Dramatic Hall, Newark, N. J.—loss $15,000, covered by insurance.

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SMITH, Adelaide.—Wife of Charles Howden Smith, and daughter of Dr. John Davis—Port Richmond, S. I., May 12.

STOUT, Rev. David B.—Of the First Baptist Church, Middleton, N. J.—there, May 17, aged 64.

TAYLOR, Joseph H.—Founder of the firm of Seal, Burnett & Withers, Philadelphia, where he was for many years a director of the Schuylkill Navigation Co., the Delaware Mutual Insurance Co., and the Penn Township Bank—Philadelphia, May 19, aged 82.

WARREN, Judge W. L. F.—One of Saratoga's most eminent citizens, and formerly law-partner of Judge Cowan, Nicholas Hill, and William A. Beach. For nearly thirty years he held several prominent judicial offices—Saratoga, N. Y., May 23, aged 63.

THE TURF.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, MAY 17.

The inauguration meeting of the newly-organized Jockey Club of Louisville, Ky., commenced on Monday, May 17, and continued throughout the week, over the new race-course constructed by the club. The anticipations of brilliant success entertained by the most sanguine and enthusiastic members of the club were more than realized. The weather was beautiful, the attendance of spectators great, the track in superb running order, and the racing excellent. Over 20,000 people passed the gates on the first day of the opening day, while in the ladies' stand was a brilliant galaxy of the beauty and fashion of Kentucky—a State proverbially renowned for the loveliness of its daughters. The exciting specialty of the occasion was the revival of the turfmen of the memorable race between Gray Eagle and Wagner thirty-five years ago over the now vanished Oakland course, and the championship of Kentucky was again went down before the victorious representative of Tennessee. Since that time there has been a void in the history of racing at Louisville, for, although the latest reported as prevailing in the neighborhood of Osceola and Tobyhanna, Pa., and Port Jervis, N. Y. At the first-named place great destruction of property was caused, including the loss of 1,500,000 feet of lumber..... It was established that *The London Times*, in an editorial contrasting English and American efforts to reduce national debt, regretted that the United States in this respect shows more the spirit of a nation conscious of a great destiny, and anxious, above all things, that no shortcomings of the present generation shall interfere with the teachings their children have received; that it was semi-officially denied that Prince Bismarck sent a circular dispatch complaining that the adoption of the French Army Cadres bill was dangerous to the peace of Europe; that the smallpox is prevalent in the Caribbean Sea; that the colonial period was decreed opened in Spain, and during the time prescribed the press will be allowed to discuss all constitutional questions; that the meetings of public political meetings may be held; that the Spanish Government avows its intention of doing justice to the Church; that twenty-three members of the Committee of Thirty of the Versailles Assembly resigned; that Gen. Echagues, Spanish Army, had captured Seo d'Urgel, Spain; that the decision of the Left Centre to support the present method of electing deputies to the French Assembly will probably lead to a new Ministerial crisis; and that the King of Burmah denies that he interfered with the British exploring party, and gives peaceful assurances..... The body of Mrs. Shaw, wife of Shadrach Shaw, was found floating in the Schuylkill, near Fairmount, Philadelphia, on the 24th inst., prepared by Dr. Foster—Of Geneva, N. Y.—St. Croix, West Indies, May 10.

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BASEBALL.

GAMES TO COME OFF.

PROFESSIONAL.

May 25, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.
May 25, Centennial vs. White Stockings, at Burlington, N. J.
May 26, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.
May 28, New Haven vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
May 27, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia.
May 27, Centennial vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia.
May 27, New Haven vs Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
May 28, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia.
May 29, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
May 29, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
May 29, Centennial vs. Quickstep, at Wilmington, Del.

AMATEUR.

May 24, Pacific vs. Empire, at Oakland Park, Phila.
May 25, Active of N. Y. vs. Siver Star, Hoboken, N. J.
May 26, J. R. Shibe vs. J. B. Doerr, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.
May 26, Pacific vs. Nonpariel, at Twelfth and Mifflin streets, Phila.
May 27, Pacific vs. Wood, at Harrowgate, Pa.
May 27, J. B. Doerr vs. Archer, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
May 29, Pacific vs. Centennial, at Manayunk, Pa.
May 29, Riverton vs. Hartington, at Riverton, N. J.
May 31, Active of N. Y. vs. Star of Newark, at Newark, N. J.
May 31, Custom-house, Eighth Division, vs. Appraisers Department, Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn.
June 5, Riverton vs. Arlington, at Brooklyn.

FLYAWAY vs. KEYSTONE.—The Flyaway and Keystone amateur clubs played their first game together for the present season on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, on Monday, May 24. The game was marked by some old-time long hits by Loughlin and Fallon of the Flyaways, and by sharp fielding by Buchanan, Loughlin, Fallon and Norton. The Keystones developed no playing skill to call for special mention. The score by innings was as follows:

Keystones	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—7
Flyaways	3	3	0	0	1	2	0	0	0—9

First base by errors—Keystone, 6; Flyaway, 9. Runs earned—Flyaway, 3. Umpire, Mr. Metcalf, Chelsea. Time, 1h. 45m.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.
The Campaign Active.

The professional contestants for the whip pennant of 1875 are running up their list of matches in lively style, over seventy games having been played during May up to the 23d inst. Already the number of finely-played games exceeds that of any other season known in the history of baseball, as will be seen by the appended record of matches in which the winning nines scored but five runs or less:

May 11, Chicago vs. Red Stockings, at St. Louis..... 1 to 0
May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn..... 1 0
May 11, Mutual vs. N. Haven, at N. H. (11 innings). 2 1
May 14, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn..... 2 1
April 26, Atlantic vs. New Haven, at New Haven.... 3 2
May 8, Philadelphia vs. New Haven, at N. Haven.. 3 2
May 22, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn..... 4 0
May 10, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston..... 4 1
May 12, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford..... 4 1
May 13, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn..... 4 1
May 1, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.. 4
May 13, St. Louis vs. Western, at Keokuk..... 4 3
May 15, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.... 4 0
April 24, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brooklyn..... 5 3
May 8, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis..... 5 3
May 17, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn..... 5 3

The following is the full record of championship games, showing which clubs lost and won up to May 24, inclusive:

	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Boston.	Centennial.	Hartford.	Mutual.	New Haven.	Philadelphia.	St. Louis.	Western.	Washington.	Games Won.
Athletic		2|	0|	2|	0|	1|	1|	2|	2|	0|	0|	0|	3|13
Atlantic	0|		0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|1
Boston	2|	0|		4|	0|	2|	3|	2|	2|	0|	0|	0|	6|21
Centennial	0|	0|	0|		0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	1|	0|	0|	0|1
Chicago	0|	0|	0|	0|		0|	0|	0|	2|	4|	0|	8	
Hartford	2|	5|	0|	1|	0|		2|	1|	1|	0|	0|	2|	14
Mutual	1|	0|	0|	0|	0|	2|		0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	3
New Haven	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	1|	2|		0|	0|	0|	0|	3
Philadelphia	0|	3|	0|	3|	0|	1|	0|	2|		0|	0|	0|	9
Red Stocking	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	1|		0|	0|	1
St. Louis	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	1|	0|		0|	1
Western	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0
Washington	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0|	0
Games lost	5|	11|	0|	12|	2|	4|	6|	12|	8|	4|	2|	7|	11|84

The summary of games played won and lost to May 24 is as follows:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.		Played.	Won.	Lost.
Boston	21	17	4	Washington	13	1	12
Hartford	18	14	4	Atlantic	12	11	1
Athletic	18	13	5	Red Stock'g	5	1	4
Chicago	10	8	2	Western	3	0	3
Philadelp'a	17	8	9	New Haven	12	0	12
Mutual	13	7	6				
St. Louis	7	6	1	Totals	168	84	84
Centennial	14	2	12				

The record of championship contests since our last issue up to May 24 is as follows:

May 18, Atlantic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10	to	2
May 18, Chicago vs. Western, at Chicago—10 inn'gs	6		2
May 18, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford	10		5
May 18, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10		2
May 18, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	11		4
May 19, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago	9		4
May 19, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston	13		2
May 19, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	6		0
May 19, Philadelphia vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	7		4
May 20, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10		1
May 20, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	8		6
May 20, Athletic vs. New Haven, at New Haven	12		5
May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	1		0
May 21, Athletic vs. New Haven, at New Haven	15		2
May 22, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	10		0
May 22, Boston vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	13		6
May 22, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago	6		2
May 24, New Haven vs. Hartford, at Hartford	10		0
May 24, Boston vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	5		0
May 24, Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia	6		5

THE MODEL GAME OF THE SEASON.
Hartford vs. Mutual.

THE HARTFORDS WIN BY ONE TO NOTHING.

For a right-down good-fielding contest, in which strategic pitching comes into play with telling effect, and batsmen are forced to depend upon brain-work, instead of mere muscle in handling the ash, gives us a dead-ball game. Lively batting with large scores and plenty of muffing in the field may suit some audiences, but our metropolitan gatherings on the ball-field will no longer tolerate anything of the kind. They have been educated, of late seasons, up to the point of fully enjoying excellence of fielding, and of regarding that as the attractive feature of the game; and they cannot now relish the old-style play, in which hardhitting was the leading feature. Last week's play in this city afforded a striking illustration of the difference in the element of attractive play between a contest in which a "lively" or elastic ball is used, and a non-elastic or "dead" ball, in the comparison between the Hartford-Mutual game, the Athletic and Mutual 11 to 6 game of Wednesday, and the splendid display which marked the Hartford and Mutual 1 to 0 game on Friday. The former being played with an elastic ball, and the latter with a very dead ball. In the one case sharply hit balls from the bat were found almost impossible to stop; and hence error after error marred the play; whereas in the dead-ball game every point could be played in the field, and yet there was an opening left for really good and skillful batting.

The first match of the series between the Hartford and Mutual nines resulted in the success of the Hartfords on their own field by a score of 8 to 3. At that time the Mutuals were not in good playing trim, having had scarcely any practice. On the occasion of the return match of Friday, May 21, at Brooklyn, the position of the contestants was one more favorable for a close contest; and this time the New Yorkers came out up in very good form across the new position, their weak spot this season thus far being at shortfield. The game is now played in a manner which requires "headwork" as well as physical ability to excel in the several positions; or, as the Chicago papers have it, "brains are needed more than muscle." The members of first-class nines this season must be men who have their wits about them, as well as legs to help them to scamper—and the nine which contains most of the element of educated brain is going to be the nine to win.

THE MATCH.

The match of Friday was witnessed by about a thousand delighted spectators, who at the close of the contest could not but express their admiration of the beauty of the display they had witnessed. The game began at 3:45 P. M., with the Hartfords at the bat, and the opening play in the field did not look auspicious of a close contest by any means, as Allison had a life given him by a wild throw of Gerhardt at the very outset. By poor base-running, and sharp fielding on the part of Gerhardt, Nelson, Hicks, and Holdsworth, the side was put out without scoring—Burdock being thrown out by Hicks on a fair foul ball. Hicks and Allison and Carey both run out, the former in trying to get home on Carey's hit, and the latter by carelessly trying to run to third base, during the passing over the pitcher's head. This offset the opening error, and restored the confidence of the Mutuals.

From this time to the close of the fourth inning the retirement of the batsmen on both sides was in one two-three order, with few exceptions; Gedney at one time getting his base by a muff of Carey's on the one side, and Cummings and Bond making base-hits. Several long flies to the field were put out after the ball had been muffed and then recovered, something which could not have been done had the ball been a lively one. The game, of course, began to look promisingly for a very small score, and its progress was watched with eager interest by all present. Boyd was umpiring the game, too, in first-class style, and that made things very much pleasanter for the players. A base-hit by Gerhardt came near giving the Hartfords a run; but Start's startling jump for it saved the play, amidst loud applause from the crowd, as the ball was on the ground after Gerhardt had been neatly caught by Remsen. Hicks hit safely to right-field, and on McGee's striking out he got to his second; Gedney then came to the rescue with a beautiful ground-ball, which Hicks, instead of stopping, instead of holding third, ran in home; but the ball was beautifully picked up and swiftly thrown in by Remsen to Allison, and Hicks fell a victim to the old Red Stocking player, by cleverly eliciting a well-merited round of applause. The inning's play of the match, and about the best we ever saw played, was the seventh, when the Mutuals, after filling third and second with Mills and Bond, with Gedney at the bat, "got out" at that, actually had to retire for a blank. Previously in this inning the Hartfords had broken the ice, and saved what proved to be our only run, for it was not until this inning that a run was scored; and in that inning, after two men had been put out, Remsen hit a ball to Holdsworth on which he made his base through the latter's muff of the ball. He then got to second through Hicks throwing to the left of the base; and on Mills' bounding hit over Gerhardt's head Remsen got home, Gedney muffing the ball in the outfield in backing up Gerhardt. The finest piece of pitching ever seen on the field was that of Cummings in the seventh inning. It was in this inning, too, that the Mutuals made a rally for the lead; but Cummings was too much for them, as similarly was the case behind the bat and in the field. The play was as follows. Start opened with a safe hit to left centre, and Holdsworth followed with a pretty ground-hit to the field, on which he reached his third. Holdsworth then got to second easily; and these two players were on second and third, with no man out, when Nelson went to the bat, a run-in being almost certain. Now it was that Cummings' strategy came into effect. Nelson tried in vain to hit a fair ball, but all he could do was to send them foul, but out of reach. At last Boyd, from a splendidly taken fly-tip by Allison, whose catching was a feature of the game. Then came Booth at the bat, and he faced for right field for a safe hit, or a long high fly, either of which would have secured a run, as there was only one man out. Even an out-at-first-base would have done it; but Cummings gave him a ball which Booth hit high to Bond; and, the latter, catching it beautifully, threw it swiftly and straight to Allison, where it met Remsen coming in, the double play ending the inning. This one inning's play was worth a journey to witness. It was the very perfection of baseball skill. In the fifth inning base-hits by Hicks and Gedney gave the Mutuals a chance to score, but Hicks failed to run the bases with judgment, and on Gedney's base-hit—finely fielded in to Allison by Remsen—Hicks was captured at home base, and the chance to score was lost.

HARTFORD.

	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allison, c		0	0	10	0	1
Burdock, 2b		0	0	3	1	0
Carey, s. s		0	0	1	2	0
Cummings, p		0	0	1	0	0
York, 1f		0	0	1	0	0
Ferguson, 3b		0	0	0	1	1
Remsen, c f		0	1	0	1	0
Mills, 1st b		0	0	12	0	0
Bond, r f		0	0	1	0	0
Totals		0	1	27	4	2

MUTUAL.

	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b		0	0	9	0	0
Holdsw'th, ss		0	0	1	2	4
Nelson, 2d b		0	0	2	3	0
Booth, r f		0	0	4	0	0
Gerhardt, 3d b		0	0	0	2	1
Hicks, c		0	0	6	0	0
McGee, c f		0	0	1	0	0
Gedney, l f		0	0	2	0	0
Mathews, p		0	0	0	1	0
Totals		0	0	27	8	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base by errors—Hartford, 3; Mutual, 1. Runs earned—Hartford, 0; Mutual, 0. Umpire—Mr. Boyd of the Atlantic Club. Time of game 1h. 40m.

On May 11 the Chicago nine defeated the Red Stocking nine of St. Louis by a similar score, but the contest was not as finely played as this one was, as the record of errors shows. The score of the St. Louis match was as follows:

Chicago	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Red Stocking	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base by errors—Chicago, 2; Red Stocking, 5; total, 7. Total fielding errors—Chicago, 10; Red Stocking, 6; total, 16. First base hits—Chicago, 6; Red Stocking, 4; total, 10.

THE TOUR OF THE PEARLS.—The Philadelphia Club have arranged the following programme for their Western and Southern tour next month: June 8, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Washington, D. C.; 9, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Baltimore, Md.; 10, Philadelphia vs. Xanthis, at Philadelphia; 11, 12, Philadelphia vs. Eagles, at Louisville, Ky.; 14, Philadelphia vs. Brown Sox, at St. Louis, Mo.; 15, Philadelphia vs. Red Sox, at St. Louis; 16, Philadelphia vs. Brown Sox, at St. Louis; 17, Philadelphia vs. Western, at Keokuk; 18, Philadelphia vs. Western, at Keokuk; 19, Philadelphia vs. Red Sox, at St. Louis; 22, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.; 24, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago; 26, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

PRINCETON vs. FLYAWAY.—On the 21st inst. the Brooklyn Flyaways rallied it to Princeton, N. J., and were there badly beaten by the Princeton Club. The innings score follows:

Princeton	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0—4
Flyaways	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3

Umpire, Mr. Shea, of Jersey City.

ARLINGTON vs. STAR.—In a game between these amateur nines at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, May 23, the Arlington carried off the honors by the following innings

Arlington	1	3	1	1	0	0	4	1	6	—17
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	—4

Umpire, Mr. Wilson, of the Concords.

ATHLETIC vs. HARTFORD.

Between two and three thousand persons witnessed the third championship game between the Athletics and Hartfords, on the former's ground, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson street, Philadelphia, on May 22. The weather was delightful, a heavy shower that fell at the conclusion of the second inning, and which stopped play for about ten minutes, having the tendency to materially cool the previous sultry temperature. The Hartfords at first were the favorites in the betting, they having won their first two games with the Athletics, and presenting, moreover, their full team in admirable condition; while the Athletics were very much weakened by the absence, through illness, of Fisler and Eggler; Reach also failing to present himself, thus necessitating the substitution of Gilroy in his stead. So great, however, was the eagerness of the "knowing ones" to invest on the Athletics, notwithstanding these disadvantageous circumstances, that the odds very suddenly and strangely veered around to 100 to 80 on the Athletics just before the game commenced. Wm. McLean had been mutually agreed upon as umpire, and after some fifteen minutes had been cut to waste waiting for Reach to appear, the game commenced with the Hartfords at the bat. The slowness of Anson and a long hit of Burdock's, which Hall allowed to pass him, gave the Hartfords two runs in their first essay at the bat. Cummings being left after Gilroy had given him a life by a bad miss. A splendid throw to first by Clapp and a two-baser by Hall, together with a ball fumbled by Carey, led to the Athletics also scoring two runs. In the second inning the opened play on the Athletics' side of the diamond and Force enabled the Athletics to score another run and thus take the lead. A passed ball by Gilroy and a muff of Anson then put Richmond two easy chances for making double-plays, and allowed the Hartfords to make one run in the fourth inning, and thus again tie the score. Another magnificent three-base hit by Clapp and hard hits by Hall and Anson gave the Athletics two runs, both earned, in the fifth inning; and single-bases by Hall, Rocap and Richmond, together with wild throws by Bond and Allison, allowed the Philadelphians to score three more runs in the eighth inning. The Hartfords scored an earned run in the last inning on safe hits by Remsen, Mills and Bond, after two were out. An error by Ferguson and hard hits by Anson and Sutton gave the Athletics two more runs in this inning, the totals at the finish being 10 to 4 in their favor. The victory of the Athletics was most creditable, the superb fielding of Force and Sutton, and the batting of Clapp contributing much to that result. The fielding of Carey and York and batting of Remsen were the most salient features of the Hartfords' play.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allison, c		4	1	0	2	2
Burdock, 2b		4	1	2	4	1
Carey, s. s		4	0	2	1	3
Cummings, p		4	0	1	0	1
York, 1f		4	0	1	3	0
Ferguson, 3b		4	0	0	1	1
Remsen, c f		4	2	3	2	0
Mills, 1st b		4	0	1	11	0
Bond, r f		4	0	1	1	0
Totals		37	4	10	27	10

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s. s		5	2	2	0	7
Clapp, c		6	2	4	2	0
Anson, 1st b		6	0	2	14	0
Sutton, 3d b		5	2	1	2	2
Hall, 1f		5	1	2	2	0
Rocap, c f		5	2	2	1	0
Richmond, 2b		4	2	2	6	1
Reach, c f		5	1	1	1	0
Totals		43	10	16	27	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	1	5—10
Hartfords	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0—4

Runs earned—Athletic, 3; New Haven, 2. First base on errors—Athletic, 9; New Haven, 4. Umpire—W. C. Dole of Troy, 2h. 20m.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s. s		6	1	3	2	3
Clapp, c		6	4	2	6	0
Anson, 1st b		6	2	2	12	0
Sutton, 3d b		6	2	3	4	0
Hall, 1f		5	2	0	4	0
McBride, c f		5	1	2	0	0
Rocap, c f		5	2	2	5	2
Richmond, 2b		5	2	2	2	0
Reach, c f		5	1	1	1	0
Totals		49	15	17	27	8

NEW HAVEN.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Geer, 2d b		4	1	2	5	2
McKelvey, r f		4	0	1	0	2
Ryan, 1f		4	0	1	2	2
Duff, p		4	0	1	2	2
Tipper, c f		4	0	2	5	0
Wright, s. s		4	0	2	1	4
Smith, 3d b		4	0	0	1	3
Beals, p		4	0	0	4	1
Totals		35	2	9	27	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletic	3	0	0	1	0	3	1	4	2—14
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Runs earned—Athletic, 3. First base on fielding errors—Athletic, 6; New Haven, 3. First base on called balls—Athletic, 2; New Haven, 1. Double plays—Sutton and Anson, 1. Umpire, W. C. Dole Jr. Time, 2h. 25m.

MUTUAL vs. ATLANTIC.

The first meeting between these old New York and Brooklyn rivals for 1875 took place on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on May 22, in the presence of but a few hundred spectators, the fact that an easy victory for the New York nine would likely be the result of the contest keeping a great many people away. The match proved to be peculiar one in several respects. It was marked by a small score, by very few errors, was one-sided, void of special interest, and yet it was a pretty fielding game. Not only do the Atlantics fail to score a run in the game, but only two players reached first base, Boyd by a good hit—the only base-hit on the Atlantic side—and Kessler by the hit which forced Boyd out; all the batsmen in every inning being put out exactly in the order in which they went to the bat. The Mutuals actually played a faultless fielding game, not an opponent getting a base on an error, while not a single fielding error was made on their side. The fact is the Atlantics could not bat against Mathews' pitching; hence easy chances were offered the field to dispose of them in one-two-three order. It is getting the game down to a pretty fine point when a nine is put out in a full game without a fielding error being committed, and with only one base hit to their credit. Start and Hicks led in the list for the Mutual side, and Start and Holdsworth at the bat. The Atlantic fielding was marked by some pretty play, Cassidy and Clack making double plays on catches in the outfield—frequent occurrences this season—while Boyd's play at second was noteworthy, and also Crane's first-base play. Clinton was punished for earned runs in the third and fourth innings, and so Cassidy was put on in the fifth, and the Mutuals only hit him for three single-base hits. The game was very well umpired by Mr. Blodget, the secretary of the Amateur National Association.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b		4	0	3	12	0
Holdsw'h, ss		5	0	1	2	0
Nelson, 2d b		5	0	0	2	3
Booth, r f		4	0	1	3	0
Gerhardt, 3d b		4	0	1	1	0
Hicks, c		5	1	1	8	0
McGee, c f		3	1	1	3	0
Gedney, l f		3	1	1	1	0
Mathews, p		3	0	0	0	1
Totals		36	3	9	33	4

ATLANTIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Boyd, 2d b		4	0	1	2	5
Kessler, ss		3	0	0	2	0
Nichols, 3d b		3	0	0	1	1
Clinton, p		3	0	0	0	2
Crane, 1st b		3	0	0	12	0
Cassidy, r f		3	0	0	1	2
Knowdell, c		3	0	0	3	2
Clack, c f		3	0	0	2	0
Pabor, l f		3	0	0	2	0
Totals		34	0	1	27	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mutual	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0—4
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base by errors—Mutual, 1; Atlantic, 0. Runs earned—Mutual, 3; Atlantic, 0. Umpire, Mr. Blodget of the Arlington. Time, 1h. 15m.

BOSTON vs. CENTENNIAL.

The third championship game between the Boston and Centennial Clubs was played May 22, on the latter's ground, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia. The attendance was very small, the Athletic-Hartford game drawing many away who would otherwise have been present. Tracey of the Centennials was absent, and a change was also made in the positions of the Bostons, McVey catching and Wright playing short-field. The contest was a slow and poorly-played one, the Bostons just winning by their slightly superior fielding and base-running, as they were outbatted by the Centennials, Barnes and Abadie alone playing the best fielding, and Beals and Warner the best batting, for their respective nines.

CENTENNIAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Radcliff, s. s		5	0	1	1	3
Craver, 2b		6	0	0	2	1
Bechtel, p		4	1	0	1	0
McGinley, r f		4	1	2	0	1
Som'ville, 2b		4	1	2	3	2
Warner, c f		4	1	3	1	0
Mason, 1st b		5	1	1	10	1
Abadie, 1b		5	0	2	11	0
Totals		42	6	12	27	12

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s		5	0	1	1	3
Barnes, 2b		5	0	0	5	3
O'Rourke, 3b		5	1	1	1	2
Leonard, l f		4	0	1	2	0
McVey, c		5	1	2	9	1
Spalding, p		5	3	3	0	2
White, r f		5	0	1	0	0
Latham, 1b		5	2	1	8	0
Beals, c f		5	2	4	0	0
Banker, c		4	1	0	4	1
Keenan, 3d b		3	0	0	0	0
Totals		46	10	13	27	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Centennial	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	2	0—6
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Centennial, 4; Boston, 1. Double-plays—Spalding and Barnes, and Abadie and Sommerville. First-base on errors—Centennial, 8; Boston, 10. Umpire, T. Murnan of the Philadelphia Club. Time, 2h. 5m.

BOSTON vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Bostons made their first appearance in Philadelphia this season, May 20, their opponents being the Philadelphias. The weather was disagreeably dusty, a strong wind prevailing all the afternoon. The Philadelphias made six runs in the second inning, Leonard, McVey and Beals missing catches, Latham also going into the muffing business, and White being passed ball. Fisler and Murphy and Murnan making fine hits. The Reds were given three runs in their third inning on errors by Murnan at second and Meyerle at first base, they afterwards changing their respective positions. McMullin's neglect to run to a high hit which dropped safely between Latham and Barnes, lost the Philadelphias one run at least in the sixth inning, and the result might have been different in the latter part of the game, proverbial luck just managing to win. The short-stopping of Fulmer, and catching of White, were the most notable features of this exciting game.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, l f	0	0	0	0	0
McGeary, 3d b	0	1	2	1	0
Addy, r f	0	0	0	3	0
Meyerle, 2d b	0	2	3	0	1
Fisher, p	1	1	0	1	0
Schafer, c	1	1	7	1	0
Fulmer, s. s	1	0	1	3	0
Snyder, c	1	0	3	0	0
Murnan, 1st b	0	2	8	2	0
Totals	4	6	27	13	1

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s	1	1	0	4	
Barnes, 2d b	3	3	5	1	
O'Rourke, 3d b	1	1	0	0	
Leonard, l f	0	1	4	0	
McVey, c	1	1	3	0	
Spalding, p	1	1	0	2	
White, r f	0	1	1	0	
Latham, 1st b	0	0	7	0	
Beals, l f	1	1	2	0	
Totals	8	8	27	7	

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Philadelphia	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—6
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	0—8

Runs earned—Boston, 2. First base on errors—Philadelphia, 8; Boston, 6. Total fielding errors—Philadelphia, 16; Boston, 11. Total bases on clean hits—Philadelphia, 8; Boston, 11. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 50m.

MUTUAL vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphias played their second game with the Mutuals May 17, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia. It was a repetition of the contest on the preceding Saturday, the Mutuals winning in the ninth inning, as they did then. McMullin led off for the Philadelphias with a clean home-run, and they took the lead, the figures at the end of the eighth inning standing 5 to 4 in their favor. A two-base hit by Booth, a splendid hit for three bases by Gedney, and errors by Fulmer, two, and Murnan gave four runs to the Mutuals, and they won the game by the following score:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, l f	1	1	3	0	
McGeary, 3d b	1	2	1	2	0
Addy, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Meyerle, 2d b	1	0	2	0	0
Fisher, p	0	0	1	2	0
Schafer, c	0	0	7	1	0
Fulmer, s. s	0	0	1	3	2
Snyder, c	0	0	1	0	0
Murnan, 1st b	0	1	9	0	0
Totals	4	4	27	10	2

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b	1	1	14	0	
Holdsworth, s. s	0	0	0	3	
Nelson, 2d b	0	0	0	3	
Booth, r f	2	1	1	0	
Gerhardt, 3d b	1	2	1	6	
Hicks, c	0	2	1	6	
McGee, c f	0	2	1	0	
Gedney, l f	2	1	2	0	
Mathews, p	0	1	0	2	
Totals	6	9	27	13	

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SEQUITA.—THE TALE OF A PIKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Say, did you ask of me, stranger,
Why I lived on in this ranch here,
When all the boys that war' with me
In the old days of pay gravel
Cleaned up their claims and departed,
Leaving this worn-out old gully?
Well, 'tis somewhat of a story!
Maybe you won't care to hear it.
Being a Pike from Missouri,
One of your rough ones and ready,
I'm not romantic—God bless yer,
How could I be, when the Grizzlys
Tenderest are of my neighbors,
And their is nothing about me
Soft'ning my life in the mountins,
Only the howl of the coyote,
Only the traveler passing?
Wal, it wasn't always so, stranger.
Once I'd a home in these mountins—
Wife, and the sweetest of babies.
Why! look around yer her'e, stranger—
What do yer see? Desolation!
Worn-out old drifts, and the tailings
Washed and rewashed till the earth seems
Poor as the life of a pauper.

Talk of my wife—did yer ever
See in the lands of your travel
One with the dusk of the tropics
Toned by the snow of the mountins?
Lily and rose-color blended:
All of the sweet of the woman,
Round by the sky of the maiden,
Till it broke out, in the red lips
Dimpling with musical laughter.
Eyes that could darken with feeling,
Heart like the gold of these mountins—
That was my wife, my Sequita.

How could she love me? God's angels
Don't always come to the brightest;
Two of them came to my cabin—
They were my wife and my baby.
Not a rough cuss in these diggins
But would look back with "God bless 'em,"
Thinking perhaps of some others
They had left—over the mountins.

Old Don Abalde, her father,
Henrique and Dominick, her brothers,
Cruel and cursed descendants
Of the Castilians, they hunted—
Whatever that may be, stranger—
Swore by the saints they would murder
Me and my wife and my baby;
For I had stolen Sequita,
Spite of the care of her father—
Stolen, and married my darling.
Little we cared them or heeded—
Safe in the heart of these mountins,
Wholly bound up in each other,
Long as the arm here to reach us.
Happily glided the Spring-time,
Summer passed off with her singing,
Winter was coming, and 'Fisco
I must soon reach for provisions;
So on one morning I left her,
Left her in tears and wild kisses;
Curse 'em! God curse 'em, the devils!
No, don't yer pity me, stranger;
These aint no tears on my eyelids—
They were burnt out when I saw her—
Saw her next time in my cabin,
That she had left in a palace.
Laying, with rough miners crying,
Crying like children around her,
Cold as marble on her bosom,
Made by the dastardly father,
Knife in the bright steel let her life out.
Inest was gone, gone was my baby.
No one had seen the marauders;
But in the dead of the midnight
Galloping feet had resounded
Out toward the pass of the canyon.
Aint that enough I have told you?
No? Then look into my cabin—
Here are three scalps—one is grizzly;
Two are as black as the spirits
That I let out into darkness.
Why do I stay when my vengeance
Must have been long ago sated?
Wait till the coming of darkness;
Look! can't you see them, those shadows?
One the form of a baby,
One has the sweet of the woman
Toned by the coy of the maiden:
This is my baby, my Inez;
That is my wife, my Sequita.

A "SUCKER" TROT
On the Old Centreville Track.
A REMINISCENCE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SI SLOKUM.

The "Old Centreville Track!"

There are many who remember this old-time trotting-ground—the "stamping-ground," we might say, of the "horsemen," "sporting men," and others of a quarter of a century ago—and the mere mention of the name will awaken pleasant recollections in the minds of those who remember the once familiar course, where coursers fleet—fleet for those days, when few trotters had achieved the "twenties," and when the "thousand" was considered a big record—and horsemen—sped round to the delight of thousands who repaired thither to witness the equine contests of which they were disinterested spectators, except so far as their sympathies went out towards one horse or another, having nothing pending on the result beyond "the oysters, a bottle," or a supper (we didn't call them "dinners" then; those evening feeds) after their return to the city, and to the satisfaction or disgust, as the case might be, of those who ventured their shekels upon the animals whom they believed would win, and who, in many instances, perhaps, "backed their opinions" as much as their judgment in money matters.

Yes, there are many who remember the old "track" —now given up to the needs of a population growing denser every year—where the *course* of true trotting ray smoother than that of "true love," for the reason that it ran smooth with precisely the same ups and downs, with woods enough, with the "true love course" shows a large balance on the other side, if we may judge from what we see and read and hear in the premises. A great many have "been there," at the Old Centreville Track, and won and lost in shekels and oysters and "bottles" and suppers, paying and being paid respectively for their knowledge (?) of horseflesh.

But the old "track" on Long Island, remembered by many, unheard of by the mass, is now numbered among the things that were, to live only, after a short time shall have elapsed, in the racing records of the past, and will be known no more forever as a race-course by trotters and lovers of trotting.

Many a mile while Course is beat—and gone, but pleasant remembrances of many a jolly afternoon come down to us from the past, when Tom, Dick and the Devil (we include the latter personage to be *en rapport*, as it were, with Talmage, who would probably offer $5,000 reward to the man who could prove it is a misnomer) was used to designate the "pet," being ten times as much as he offered for proof that the theatre was productive of any good) met to witness the "best two in three," or "best three in five," as the case might be—met to bet shekels and suppers, "bottles" and oysters, or not, as they felt disposed—to drink and smoke, to laugh and talk, to joke and "chaff," and generally enjoy themselves, some having a "high old time," and others "putting in" as pleasurable hours, though more quiet ones, just as their dispositions led them to take in things.

One of the many pleasant afternoons which we have "put in" over at the Centreville Course in our lifetime comes up to us now, and at the moment stands up to us more vividly than any other. It was the occasion of a race, but—well, such a race—one not recorded in the racing annals of the period. While it was not an impromptu race, it was not an advertised one, and only a few persons knew of its coming off, or were there in any number when one. It was not for a "purse," but merely a "match" between two "plugs" unknown to the racing world, whose owners were not horsemen, as the term is understood, but whose animals were known to most of the company assembled on the track as fair roadsters, one of which might possibly get down to 3:10 for a "spurt" when pushed, while the other was not capable of achieving that figure. It was what we might term a "sucker race," got up for the benefit (?) of that class of bipeds easily "let in," or who let themselves in, where wiser ones decline to tread, and who are, in these latter days, graphically, if not euphoniously, called "suckers." Strange to say, the "sucker" most prominent on this occasion was a noted horseman and sport, who was present at every trot that came off on the Long Island tracks, and to whom trotting was food and drink, so to speak.

It was early in the season—in May. The afternoon was a beautiful one, balmy and bright, and the track in tip-top condition. There were, perhaps, two hundred persons present—a few more or less, it might be—and of course there was plenty of room, with no crowding or elbowing, though, for the number present, there was a great amount of "chin music," the merits and performances on the road of the two "sluggers" being commented upon and discussed.

In due time—fully as prompt as on occasions of regular and recorded races—the horses were brought upon the track, both in good condition, and were "swung round the circle," so to speak, by their owners (who were to drive the race), in opposite directions, and at an easy gait, and then the betting, in small sums, considering the character of the affair and horses, commenced, the favorite being the animal called "Star" by its owner—the fleeter of the two, without doubt, but not thought to be so by any great majority of those knowing the pair, and who had seen them "brush" along the road.

The race was to be mile heats, best three in five, to road wagons. On the favorite, Mike S—h, the individual referred to in our remarks above as the one most heavily "let in" on this occasion, bet his "bottom dollar," having, as he thought, a "dead sure thing of it."

"Star," who had been going in the direction opposite to that of the racing one, passed under the "string" and reached the proper starting distance a little in advance of the other horse, and was turned about for the start just before his competitor came up from the opposite direction, when the two sailed down for the "score," passing it well together, and getting the word: "Go!"

Along they sailed, and well together to the first quarter, when "Star" "lost his feet," his rival ranging ahead, taking the inside and holding the lead to the half-mile pole, when "Star" lapped him, and to ten lengths more passed him, and kept the heats "pretty pretties," about three lengths ahead. This advantage he maintained to the three-quarter-mile pole, when "off his feet" he went again, his competitor coming up and again passing him, taking the inside, and maintaining a distance of two lengths down the last quarter, passing under the "string" a winner, but only by half a length, "Star" having recovered his feet, and got down to his work finely, but too late to conquer.

Mike S—h, who, as we have said, had "backed" "Star" to his "bottom dollar," and who had made one bet of $50 that his favorite would win in three "straight heats," and the first three at that, looked a little blank when "Star" passed under the "string" second in the heat, the time of which was 3:15. He was surprised, Mike was, for the time was not within eight or ten seconds, as he believed, of what "Star" was capable of knocking out on a track. Silent for a moment or two, he then began to exercise his tongue, and the driver and owner of "Star" could not have felt very highly complimented by his remarks on the driving of the losing horse; but he knew Mike, and smiled as the latter railed and fumed.

"Never mind, Mike," said he: "there are four heats more, and I guess I'll knock out three of 'em."

"You'd ought to have won this heat," growled Mike, and started for a hay-stack in the centre field, around which was a low rail-fence, on and about which, in the shade cast by the stack, were gathered ten or twelve "choice spirits," among the number being the well-known and popular Jake S—r—e, a "sport" of the first water, and still tarrying, twenty-five years later, as is also Mike S—h, in this "vale of tears."

"So you lose your bet on the first three heats, Mike," squeaked Jake in his peculiar voice.

"Yes, and you win," growled Mike, who had bet the fifty with Jake. "Warn't half driven, that horse warn't," Mike added.

"Don't think he was myself," squeaked Jake, winking to a friend on his right.

"I could drive that horse and win every time," said Mike, squatting on the grass in the shade of the hay-stack, for the sun was fearfully hot.

"Shouldn't wonder 'f you could," squeaked Jake, with another significant wink. "I guess he'll knock out three heats yet, Mike," he added, and took a long pull and a strong pull at his half-smoked cigar.

"If he don't, I'll be busted," growled Mike. "If he don't, I'll tell whatshisname what I think of his driving," he added, taking a huge bite from a plug of tobacco.

"And he'll understand you, I guess, Mike," squeaked Jake with a laugh, in which all hands joined.

"You bet," said Mike, he too laughing.

After the usual rubbing-down and walking-about of the blanketed animals, they were hitched up, and soon the second heat was on. This heat was taken by "Star" with about a length to spare, and Mike, who went over to the judges' stand, when the horses were about half round, came back to the group by the hay-stack in better spirits than before, and, again squatting on the grass, said:

"He can win every heat, if whatshisname 'll on'y drive him."

"What's the time?" queried Jake, rather indifferently.

"3:12," was Mike's reply; "and he can do better 'n that," he added.

"Shouldn't wonder," squeaked Jake.

The third heat was trotted, and this time Mike's "Star" was not in the ascendant. The animal came in loser by a length and a half.

Mike was lavish of "language," opening the battery forthwith, the horses passed under the "string," seeing that "Star" was going to be second in the heat, and the owner of the animal was in nowise ignored in his remarks—not in the least neglected, you may depend.

He was wild, Mike was, when he came over to the group by the hay-stack. He fumed like a barrel of brimstone on fire, and did not squat on the grass this time, as before, but paced to and fro gesticulating and paying his respects by word of mouth to Jake S—r—e, who was "taking things easy," being perched upon the rail-fence around the hay-stack, whittling a stick and spitting, about every ten seconds, a gill of saliva heavily and darkly tinctured with tobacco extract, expressed by the action of his grinding molars firmly set in his rapidly moving jaws.

Mike fumingly and freely gave his opinion in the premises; and this was to the effect that "the whole d—d thing was a put-up job," and that Jake was at the bottom of the matter. Jake "denied the soft impeachment," but there was no indignation in his tones as he uttered his denial. He whittled and winked, and smiled and spat, as he calmly and squeakingly, but firmly, protested his innocence in the matter. It was in vain that he protested, however. Mike "wouldn't have it." "It was a d—d put-up job," and he knew it.

"Mike, you're deceived in that horse—*I* am, myself. He can't go any—that's what's the trouble with him," drawled out Jake.

"Go? No, not when he's held in," returned Mike, with a decidedly profane ejaculation by way of an exclamation point. "I tell you, that hoss was held in; if he wasn't then I'm a fool*oo*!"

Jake and all the rest expressed decided disbelief in Mike's proposition that "Star" had been "held in," which, of course, was tantamount to a belief that he *was* a "fool*oo*," as he had expressed; and all declared that "Star" had been overtaxed, and was no match for the other horse, but without convincing Mike in the least to that effect. With three heats to two of them against his favorite, Mike was not to be convinced that everything was "square," which would be to acknowledge himself a victim of misplaced confidence, or one whose judgment had been widely led astray. He preferred to believe himself the victim of a "put-up job;" and, if sustaining went for anything, he was a thorough believer in that uncomfortable theory, notwithstanding that everybody dissented.

The "plugs," stripped of their blankets, were being hitched up for the fourth heat, which might or might not prove the heat decisive, as fate should decide. Now on one of the hay-stack group was made a remark for the benefit of Mike, which the same was an expression of what *he* would do if he was Mike. Then another and another said what *they* would do under the circumstances. And all hands, excepting Jake, delivered themselves in the same strain, and offered any amount of advice, but which did not seem to be appreciated by the still fuming Mike S—h. Stepping before Jake S—r—e, he said in a most sarcastic tone, a sardonic smile playing on his lips:

"Well, what have *you* got to offer, mister" [the "mister" was ground out with double-distilled sarcasm] "S—r—e. You don't seem to have nothing to say—would you, eh?"

"Well, Mike," growled out Jake, still whittling and winking, still smiling and spitting, "I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd make that hoss go, *I* would."

"How?" queried Mike sharply, thrusting both hands into his pockets, and bracing up sharp on his pins.

"I'll tell you, Mike," said the imperturbable Jake, "go git some straw, my boy —"

"Yes," broke in Mike, with some little interest, apparently.

"Yes, git some straw—git four bundles, Mike."

"Four bells!" ejaculated Mike, again breaking in upon Jake, who took no notice whatever of the interruption, but continued, drawling out:

"Four bundles'll be enough, Mike. Then I'd go on to John I.'s" [John I. Snedicor he referred to, but whom he always spoke of as "John I."]—"go over to John I.'s and git a pail o' brandy" [Brandy in those days did not command forty cents "a pony" in the market]—"git a pailful, Mike; bring it over to the track, put the straw under that horse, pour the brandy over the straw, and then set fire to the mess! If that hoss don't go then, and win the next heat, you may eat my boots, Mike."

A simultaneous burst of laughter escaped the throats of the others, Mike excepted, as Jake unfolded his plan for the benefit of his friend. The manner, and the serious tone of his delivery, rather than his absurd proposition, that brought forth the laughter from the group around the hay-stack; and perhaps they laughed as much at the effect which the ridiculous proposition had upon the fuming Mike, as at anything else.

As for the latter individual—well, *he* didn't laugh. He grew purple in the face, and exploded like a can of nitro-glycerine. From the crater located betwixt his nose and chin there burst forth from the raging volcano in his breast a copious flow of the red-hot lava of rage, metaphorically speaking: so "hot," indeed, that we fear the types would melt if set to give expression here to his utterances, even if not "copy" did not wither with the heat before reaching the "cases."

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For years Mike "stuck to it" that that race was a "d—d put-up job on him, and that Jake S—r—e was at the bottom of it;" and he may be of that opinion still, for aught we know to the contrary. Jake always denied to him the "soft impeachment," quietly smiling and spitting. In company with those who sat in the shade of the hay-stack on that day, twenty-five years ago, Jake was known to "chaff," drawling, squeaking way, when Mike was mentioned:

"If he'd got that pail o' brandy, and straw, and burnt 'em under that hoss, as I told him to do, he *might* 'a' won that race." And then he would smile and spit and wink, and wink and spit and smile.

As to whether it *was* a "put-up job" on Mike, let the reader draw his own inferences. The writer saith nothing.

GEORGE FORDHAM,

whose portrait we give this week, is recognized as the premier jockey of the English turf. He is born near Newmarket, his love of racing was early instilled into him at the Metropolis of the Turf, and led him to embrace the profession of a jockey. He was apprenticed to Mr. Richard Drewitt, the trainer, at Lewes, and his first public mount was on Mr. Law's Isabella, for the Feather Plate, at Brighton, in 1850, in which race he was sixth and last; his bodily weight at that time *being only* 50lb! His first winning mount was at the same meeting the following year, when he rode and won the Trial Stakes on Mr. Drewitt's two-year-old colt Hampton. The ice once broken, his success flowed uninterruptedly. In 1853 he won the Cambridgeshire Stakes on the outsider Lieba Piano, against whom 40 to 1 was laid at the start. In 1854 he won the Chester Cup on Epaminondas, the Stamford Gold Cup on El Dorado, the Ebor Handicap on Grand Inquisitor, and several other races. His services as a jockey were now in constant requisition, for his superior skill, fine knowledge of pace, and good hands were readily detected and recognized by trainers. In 1855, he was second on Mortimer, beaten a head only, for the Chester Cup, won by Scythina; won the Manchester Cup on Saucebox, the Ascot Hunt Cup on Chalice, the Leamington Stakes on Hornsby, the Great Warwick Handicap on Poodle; and on Mary was second to Sultan for the Cambridgeshire Stakes. In 1856 he won the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman's Handicaps at York on One Act, the Manchester Cup on Pretty Boy, and the Goodwood Cup on Rogerthorpe, scoring 108 winning races that year. In 1857 he won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood on Tournament, the Ceasarwitch Stakes on Prioress in the deciding heat, and the Cambridgeshire on Odd Trick, with 81 other races. In 1858 he won 91 races, among them the Queen's Vase at Ascot, the Northamptonshire on Borderer, the Chesterfield Stakes on Cantine, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap on Mr. Ten Broeck's Tormentor. In 1859 his winning mounts increased to 115, among them being the Oaks on Summerside for Lord Loudesboro, who rewarded his services with a check for $1,500; the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton on Umpire, the Warwick Cup on Starke, the Champagne Stakes on King of Diamonds, and the Criterion on Thormanby. In 1860, 147 races were credited to him, several of them for Mr. Ten Broeck on Starke, Satellite and Cock-a-hoop. The following year he scored 87 wins, including the Ascot Stakes and Stamford Cup, for Mr. Ten Broeck, on Optimist, and the Royal Hunt Plate on Satellite, the Champagne Stakes on The Marquis, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes on Oldminster. In 1862 he won 126 races, 89 in 1863, and 97 in 1864. The following year he won the One Thousand Guineas on Siberia, and the Great Yorkshire Handicap on John Davis. In 1867 he won eleven races in succession on Lady Elizabeth for the Marquis of Hastings, and his splendid horsemanship on this wonderful two-year-old, in her match for 1,000 guineas against Julius, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Although so many of the great races have fallen to him, yet, strange to say, he has never succeeded in winning either the Derby or the St. Leger. As a jockey his character for integrity is unimpeachable, and he is widely respected and esteemed among turfmen. In his profession he has acquired considerable wealth, and possesses a fine landed property near Lewes, Sussex.

THE cows of Alderney, according to a recent visitor to that island, are milked three times a day, and the milk is churned without skimming. They are fed on grass and vrale, the latter being a seaweed, and are kept much of the time in the shade. A pound of butter a day is not an uncommon yield for a good cow. The breed is defended against admixture by stringent laws, and no cattle are allowed to be taken into the island except to be slaughtered.

TO MY WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Why should I care for flowers, my love?
Nay, bring them not to me:
I find their beauties in thy face,
Their fragrance, love, in thee;
Thy neck the lily does not grow
That is one half so white;
Nor rose that bears so sweet a tinge
As thy fair face to-night!

Poets may sing the violet,
Its modest tints of blue;
But in thine eyes I find, my love,
A more transcendent hue!
Why should I care for flowers, my love?
Nay, bring them not to me;
I find their beauties in thy face—
Their fragrance, love, in thee.

Besides, they *cost* so like the deuce—
I've told you so before;
Now, such a bunch of flowers as this
Costs ten-and-six or more!
And I—I really can't afford
To have you, love, my wife,
A sum would keep us both in grub,
And *good* grub for a day!

J. H. B.

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"WEAK WOMAN."

H. J. Byron's new three-act comedy, bearing the above title, was produced at the Strand Theatre, Eng., May 6, and secured a success which is described as overwhelming. The story is as follows:

At Gaythorne Hall, Devonshire, reside two fair cousins, Helen and Ethel, and to them is heiress to the estate. Which one? is the question. "Uncle Richard," who is dead, and who has bequeathed the property, has made it a condition in his will that his nieces shall keep the matter a secret, and that one shall not marry without the other; his object being to guard them against the machinations of mere fortune-hunters. His nephew, Fred Fanshawe, he has in a moment of irritation altogether disinherited, and Fred for years has been dwelling in Mexico. Through the agency of his old and trusting friend, Dr. Fleming, he is summoned home to manage the estate for his cousins, and in that oft-quoted period known as "no time" he sets matters straight, brings dilatory tenants "up to the scratch," and out of chaos produces order. The attractions of his cousin Helen are not lost upon him, and we are not long in discovering that he has made a deep impression on her heart. But Frederic Fanshawe is of too manly and generous a nature to take advantage of his position, and so, while ardently worshiping the one cousin, his attentions are most frequently directed towards the latter. He becomes the victim of a mistake. Everybody imagines that he is in love with Lilian, and this young lady, who has a wooer in the person of Arthur Medwyn, and who is of a somewhat haughty disposition, rebukes him for his presumption and subjects him to a process of snubbing. Dr. Fleming, who is on a visit to the cousins, is suddenly called away to town, but before leaving he places in Fanshawe's hands a "sealed packet," intrusted to his care by "Uncle Richard," and only to be given up when his nephew's character has been proved above suspicion. Fanshawe opens the packet. Amazement! It is a second will. "Uncle Richard" has repented of his harshness, and has made him heir to the property. Now his lips are unsealed. He may tell his love and none can lay mercenary motives to his charge. Thus reasons he; but he has reckoned without "weak woman." He speaks, and his love is repelled with scorn; for Helen imagines at once that the paper has affected the question—which is the heiress? She thinks him base. She is as illogical as Shakespeare's Lucetta—"I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so because I think him so." Poor Fred is too proud and too generous to show the will, and the cousins wishing to dismiss him on the instant, he pockets the document and departs without a murmur, resolved to leave them to themselves, and, if not to enjoy happiness beneath a foreign sky. Of course, weak woman like, he has no sooner gone than Helen mourns his loss, once more lending emphasis to the reflection of the poet, that "woman's at best a contradiction still." Dr. Fleming proves the *deus ex machina*. He returns at the most opportune moment. Fanshawe comes to say farewell. He explains to the cousins the circumstances, and, overhearing of Helen, whose love is not diminished by his noble generosity, and —— well, the reader may guess the rest. There are two very prominent characters to whom we have not alluded, seeing that in spite of their prominence they are but of secondary importance to the story. These are Captain Ginger of the Bungleshire Buffs, and Septimus Tootal, a provincial Adonis. The remainder of the life of these individuals, when we make their acquaintance, is to discover which is the heiress: and their dodges and difficulties form the basis of the uproarious fun with which the audience found themselves supplied, the Captain finely "pairing off" with "the sweetest but most ponderous of her sex," in the person of the fat and elderly Mrs. Gunn, a distant relative of the cousins.

It was cast as follows: Helen, Miss Ada Swanborough; Lilian, Miss Marion Terry; Fred Fanshawe, W. H. Vernon; Dr. Fleming, C. H. Stephenson; Arthur Medwyn, J. G. Grahame, Capt. Ginger, E. Terry; Septimus Tootal, Harry Cox.

"BANISHED FROM HOME."

Such is the title of a new three-act drama, by J. Cherry Griffiths, which was first acted at the Britannia Theatre, London, during the week closing May 8. The period of the piece is 1775; the scene Warsaw. The plot may be briefly told as follows:

The Count Allenstein, whose greatest sin is patriotism, has, for his contumacious in that cause, been banished from home by the tyrant Governor with the unpronounceable name of Tchernowitz. His cause has been espoused by a young Englishman, Frederick Thornton, who, with his servant, Cornelius Cobb, contrives for the patriot an interview with his wife (Adele) and his children, prettily represented by the Misses Florence and Robinson. In this interview they are surprised, and the whole party is arrested. The Count is condemned to death, and the Governor—we hesitate to attempt his name again—forms a design against the honor of the doomed man's wife, whose personal charms have aroused his most evil passions. Cornelius Cobb takes care to give the Governor what he calls a bit of his mind. It is not a little bit, and a roar of applause greeted the keenest of satire upon the "Rooshians." One of the best scenes in the play is the interview between the Governor and Adele, the former offering to save her husband's life, and to restore to him his property, if she will submit to his base proposals. Adele, happily, knows what is due to herself and to her husband's honor. She turns upon the tempter with a withering indignation, and, in clear words, warns him of the vengeance which one day will overtake him. The hour for the Count's execution approaches; there is an affecting parting from wife and children—evidently a favorite scene with the audience—and then comes First!—and the fatal bell proclaims that the condemned man's last moments have arrived. Even in this hour of trial Adele plans for the benefit of his friend. In a manner, and the serious tone of his delivery, rather than his absurd proposition, that brought forth the laughter from the group around the hay-stack; and perhaps they laughed as much at the effect which the ridiculous proposition had upon the fuming Mike, as at anything else.

As for the latter individual—well, *he* didn't laugh. He grew purple in the face, and exploded like a can of nitro-glycerine. From the crater located betwixt his nose and chin there burst forth from the raging volcano in his breast a copious flow of the red-hot lava of rage, metaphorically speaking: so "hot," indeed, that we fear the types would melt if set to give expression here to his utterances, even if not "copy" did not wither with the heat before reaching the "cases."

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THE OPERATIC SCANDAL.

Story of the Skeleton in the Titus Closet —Casing of J. W. Allinson—Mrs. Oates' Version of the Affair.

Concerning the origin of the unfortunate domestic troubles which occasioned the separation of Mrs. James A. Oates—otherwise Mrs. Tracy Titus—from her husband, *The San Francisco* (Cal.) *Chronicle* contains the following:

In the Summer of 1871, Mr. Oates, whose ill health had compelled his frequent absence from the opera-troupe, died at the Grand Central Hotel in New York. The relations between him and Mr. Titus, his business manager, had always been kind, and even fraternal. A little time before his death he called his manager to his bedside and said: "I am going. Take care of the little woman. See that no harm befalls her, and that she is not wronged or overreached by anyone." A sacred promise was made which has not since been violated. Mr. Titus and the prima-donna, having been for several years intimately connected in a business way, were married in November, 1872, at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, which was decorated in a festive manner in honor of the event. The last two seasons have been highly fortunate in an artistic point of view, though the hard times which have prevailed throughout the Eastern States have materially reduced the receipts. Although there have been the usual little piques and jealousies developed in the troupe already enumerated above as his friends. The whole quarrel is a very pretty one, and has only been kept from the public eye so long by the tenderest management, and the most delicate tact. Now it is widely spread, and they have harmonized hitherto, so far as can be learned from conversation with members of the troupe, quite as well as married people generally do. The relationship and affection of the pair have seemed to outsiders to be excessive and mutual. Except for untoward circumstances here, there is every reason to suppose their wedded friendship have moved onward as serenely as that of Mr. Anderson and his ancient dame, and have had quite as swallike an ending. Whatever difficulty there was, was caused by an excess of mother-in-law and a strong infusion of sister-in-law, two powerful elements in domestic discord, and two great incentives to divorce. Even the first husband is rumored not to have been free from these quasi maternal meddlesomeness. When the troupe came here Mr. Titus and his wife took handsome quarters at the Occidental Hotel, Miss Pauline Merritt, Mrs. Oates' sister, lodging elsewhere. For a week or two everything moved on serenely—the theatre was crowded nightly, the receipts were large, and Mr. Titus took possession of the proceeds brought him every evening with due regularity by J. W. Allinson, the treasurer. About two weeks after the engagement commenced a little dispute arose regarding a relative of Mrs. Oates and a chance acquaintance of Miss Merritt. Angry talk followed. The wife insisted upon an explanation, which was not cordially given, and, without the occurrence of anything farther than the utterance of some pardonable interjections, Mrs. Oates first excluded her husband from her apartments, and finally left the hotel entirely, going to the room of her sister on Market street, where she has since remained. For a day or two after the quarrel Allinson brought the large nightly balance to Mr. Titus. The third day he told him that Mrs. Oates had directed that the money should be paid to her nightly. Mr. Titus, although the engagement with Mr. Maguire was drawn in his name, and he had a right to everything, retired from the field, thinking that it was only a woman's whim, and the mood would soon be passed.

The result did not meet his expectations. There were not wanting counselors to widen the breach thus opened. The chief of these was Allinson, under whose advice Mrs. Oates quietly turned her nightly balances into gold notes, which she kept on her person, and flew to Hall McAllister, who, as a paternal legal adviser, she told a long tale of marital abuse and suffering, and ended by tearfully requesting him to procure a divorce. She was also told by interested persons that her talents alone had brought the company to its present standard, and that the good-will of the troupe, as well as the music and costumes, valued at $20,000, was hers by right, if not by title. Titus once out of the way, the party in power acquired the slaver of the right there might be in possession of the properties, and, since he declined persistently to interfere, have since had the receipts, which have amounted to about $10,000. The company, without knowledge everybody partisan or excessively demoralized, ranged themselves under the different banners of Mrs. Oates and Mr. Titus. John Howson, Drew (a favorite of the prima donna), Jones, Williams, the musical director, and a small part of the chorus, allied themselves with the lady; while Woodfield, Allen and wife, Miss Larkin and most of the chorus evinced their allegiance to the manager. Mrs. Oates immediately saw the necessity of re-engaging her company for the next season, if she desired to retain them at all. Drew, who had been receiving $75 a week, demanded more, and his salary for next season was raised to a high figure—quite as much, and perhaps a little more, than his pleasant voice is worth. Most of those mentioned were also re-engaged, it being the expectation to supply all deficiencies from unemployed actors and vocalists in the Eastern cities. Mr. Titus also endeavored to assuage his sorrows by consultation with an attorney. He sought counsel of R. H. Dewey, who is quite capable of advising a deserted husband. He began at once the organization of a company, and is understood to have engaged a prima donna in this city, together with those members of the troupe already enumerated above as his friends. The whole quarrel is a very pretty one, and has only been kept from the public eye so long by the tenderest management, and the most delicate tact. Now it is widely spread, they have harmonized hitherto, so far as can be learned from conversation with members of the troupe, quite as well as married people generally do. The relationship and affection of the pair have seemed to outsiders to be excessive and mutual. Except for untoward circumstances here, there is every reason to suppose their wedded friendship have moved onward as serenely as that of Mr. Anderson and his ancient dame, and have had quite as swallike an ending. Whatever difficulty there was, was caused by an excess of mother-in-law and a strong infusion of sister-in-law, two powerful elements in domestic discord, and two great incentives to divorce. Even the first husband is rumored not to have been free from these quasi maternal meddlesomeness. When the troupe came here Mr. Titus and his wife took handsome quarters at the Occidental Hotel, Miss Pauline Merritt, Mrs. Oates' sister, lodging elsewhere. For a week or two everything moved on serenely—the theatre was crowded nightly, the receipts were large, and Mr. Titus took possession of the proceeds brought him every evening with due regularity by J. W. Allinson, the treasurer. About two weeks after the engagement commenced a little dispute arose regarding a relative of Mrs. Oates and a chance acquaintance of Miss Merritt. Angry talk followed. The wife insisted upon an explanation, which was not cordially given, and, without the occurrence of anything farther than the utterance of some pardonable interjections, Mrs. Oates first excluded her husband from her apartments, and finally left the hotel entirely, going to the room of her sister on Market street, where she has since remained. For a day or two after the quarrel Allinson brought the large nightly balance to Mr. Titus. The third day he told him that Mrs. Oates had directed that the money should be paid to her nightly. Mr. Titus, although the engagement with Mr. Maguire was drawn in his name, and he had a right to everything, retired from the field, thinking that it was only a woman's

BASEBALL.

HARTFORD vs. BOSTON.

Pleasant weather prevailed throughout Tuesday, May 18, when the first and long-looked-for contest between the clubs above named took place on the grounds of the former club, in Hartford, Ct. So great was the interest taken in this match, that all the manufacturing firms in the city found it necessary to close their factories, and extra trains were run upon all the railroads, bringing large delegations from the surrounding cities and towns. Game was announced to begin at 3.30 P. M.; but by noon people began to gather upon the grounds, and before two o'clock all the seats except those that were reserved were occupied; and by the time game was called, fully 10,000 persons were congregated within the inclosure. About three o'clock the contestants came upon the ground, to engage in preliminary work, and were warmly welcomed. Alphonse Martin, who had been agreed upon for umpire, called the game promptly at 3.30, the hour named, the Hartfords going first to the bat. Allison hit an apparently safe fly-ball to the short right field; but Barnes, after a long run, captured it beautifully. Burdock followed with a safe grounder between short and second, but he was thrown out by White while stealing second. Carey then hit a safe fair-foul to left among the spectators, and got his second; but was sent back to first on a dead ball, and was soon after caught off his base, running on Cummings' foul ball. George Wright led off for the champions with a safe ground-hit to left field, and Bond captured Barnes on a fly. O'Rourke then made a safe hit to left, and Cummings fielded Leonard out. McVey then hit short to Carey, and, it was claimed, was fielded out at first, but the umpire couldn't see it; Wright scoring in the meantime. A clean hit by Spalding brought O'Rourke and McVey in, and Ferguson took White's foul-bound, which ended the first inning with three runs for the visitors against none for the home team. The crowd was at this time hissing and hooting the umpire for what seemed to many present a bad error of judgment on his part in not deciding McVey out in this inning, which would have left the score nothing to nothing. Neither side scored in the second inning, the Hartfords being retired in the order of striking; and Wright, after having made a base-hit, being caught at third while trying to steal home. In the third inning, after the home team had again been retired in striking order, Barnes and O'Rourke made safe hits, the former scoring on Leonard's hit to Mills, and O'Rourke going to second.

Time was now called by the umpire for reasons best known to himself, and play called soon after, at which time O'Rourke had secured third base. Burdock then passed the ball to Ferguson, who touched O'Rourke, who was decided out by the umpire, O'Rourke not having touched his second base after play was called. A delay of fifteen minutes followed, during which time Martin, assisted by Spalding, was perusing the book of rules to see whether O'Rourke was out or not. The crowd became impatient, meanwhile, and cries of "Read it out loud!" "Pass it around, and let us all read it!" "Take it home and read it!" etc., were heard. The umpire finally decided that O'Rourke should go back to second, as he could find no rule on which to put him out. McVey then hit a hot liner to centre field, on which hit O'Rourke scored; and as the next two strikers gave easy chances to be fielded out, the score stood at the end of this inning 5 to 0. In the fourth inning Allison led with a safe hit to left field, and Burdock hit to O'Rourke, who threw wildly to second for a double-play; Allison getting his third, and Burdock his second. O'Rourke took Carey's foul-fly, and Cummings hit a high-fly to McVey, on which Allison scored. Burdock scored on York's clean hit to left centre, and the latter went down to second on a passed ball. He scored on a good hit by Ferguson; and, as Manning and Remsen's fly, Ferguson got his third, Remsen his second, and a clean hit by Mills brought them both home; and as Bond was captured on a fly by Leonard, and the Bostons were quickly retired for "nix," it left the score a tie at the commencement of the fifth inning, and the Hartford's partisans were hopeful. The Nutmegs were unable to add to their score after this inning, while the Bostons increased theirs with two earned runs in the seventh by good batting by Manning, Latham and Wright, and three unearned runs in the ninth on good hits by Wright and Barnes, and errors by Burdock and Mills, which left the Bostons the winners by a score of 10 to 5. The fielding of both clubs was equally brilliant, and the superior batting and base-running of the Bostons won them the game. Mr. Martin, the umpire, whose decisions were given very slowly, did not seem to be satisfactory at all times, he often calling balls or strikes after the ball had been returned to the pitcher. Our correspondent says: "His erroneous decision in the first inning was apparently felt by him, for he subsequently, by way of an offset, made two as erroneous decisions in favor of the Hartfords, which, however, helped them or him but little."

ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Boyd, 2d b...	4	0	0	1	1
Kessler, s s..	4	1	2	5	2
Nichols, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	1
Clinton, p....	4	0	1	1	2
Crane, 1st b..	4	0	0	9	1
Cassidy, r f..	4	0	0	1	0
Knowdell, c..	3	0	0	3	2
Clack, c f....	3	0	0	3	0
Pabor, l f....	3	0	0	0	0
Totals....	33	1	4	27	9

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allison, c....	1	1	2	1	0
Burdock, 2d b..	1	1	1	3	1
Carey, s s....	0	1	0	2	0
York, l f....	1	2	3	0	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	1	2	3	0
Remsen, c f..	1	1	3	0	1
Mills, 1st b....	0	1	14	0	2
Bond, r f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Totals....	5	9	27	14	6

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s s..	2	4	1	0	0
Barnes, 2d b..	2	2	4	4	0
O'Rourke, 3d b.	2	1	0	2	0
Leonard, l f..	0	1	2	0	0
McVey, c f....	1	1	2	0	0
Manning, r f...	1	1	0	3	0
White, c.....	0	0	3	1	1
Manning, r f...	1	1	0	0	1
Latham, 1st b..	1	1	10	0	1
Totals....	10	13	27	10	4

Hartford..... 0 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 0—5
Boston..... 3 0 2 0 0 0 0 5 0—10

Runs earned—Boston, 3. Bases on errors—Hartford, 3; Boston, 1. Left on bases—Hartford, 3; Boston, 4. Balls called—on Cummings, 7; on Spalding, 5. Umpire, Alphonse Martin. Scorer, B. F. Douglass Jr. Time, 2h. 10m.

AN OVATION TO THE VICTORS.

The Boston Herald has this to say concerning the effect produced upon Bostonians by the glad tidings, and the way in which they gave vent to their feelings:

The news of the victory created the wildest excitement and enthusiasm in Boston, and the headquarters on Eliot street were besieged during the evening by a crowd which was nearly frantic with delight. The boys, who were speeding homeward on the midnight train, got wind that a reception was in store for them, and were on the look-out for the first signs of welcome. In the same train came the defeated Hartfords. Shortly after 10 o'clock the club members commenced to assemble in their rooms on Eliot street, and half an hour afterward Glicher's German band of twenty pieces, which had been engaged for the occasion, reported, when a procession was formed, embracing a very full delegation, and proceeded to the Boston and Albany depot, where a wait of half an hour occurred, the train containing the two clubs being some twenty minutes behind time. In the procession were about 50 men with new brooms, and during the delay in the depot there was a good deal of good natured fun. On the approach of the train to the depot, the column of escort was formed, and, amid the cheers of some three or four hundred persons who had gathered outside, and playing of "Hail to the Chief" by the band, the two nines and their friends left the cars, the members of the Boston nine being hardly cheered, on account of the "shook up" generally. A procession was formed, the band in front, the broom-bearers following, and the members of the Association, escorting the Boston and Hartford nines to the club-rooms, while crowds on the sidewalks joined in the demonstration. A short time was spent in the rooms in recounting the features of the day's triumph, and then the party adjourned to Grieves' Hotel, nearby opposite, where a substantial collation was served. C. A. Jewell of the Hartford Club thanked the Boston Association for their share of the reception, and Harry Wright, Mr. Appollonio and others responded. Hearty cheers were given by each nine for the other, and soon afterwards the company dispersed. There has not been an occasion before, since the organization of the Boston Club, when their admirers have been aroused to such a demonstration.

Their second meeting took place on the Boston's grounds on May 20, when the Nutmeg nine sustained a worse defeat than before. The score follows:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s s..	2	2	0	1	1
Barnes, 2d b...	1	4	2	2	0
O'Rourke, 3d b.	1	2	0	0	3
Leonard, l f...	1	1	5	0	1
Cummings, p...	0	1	1	1	0
Spalding, p....	1	1	1	4	1
White, c.....	2	3	4	0	1
Manning, r f...	1	2	0	0	0
Latham, 1st b..	2	2	12	0	2
Totals....	15	17	27	10	8

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allison, c.....	1	3	2	0	2
Burdock, 2d b..	0	1	4	2	2
Carey, s s....	0	1	0	5	3
Cummings, p...	0	1	1	1	0
Booth, r f....	0	1	0	0	0
Gerhardt, 3b..	0	0	3	0	2
Hicks, c.....	4	0	7	2	0
McGee, c f....	4	0	0	0	2
Gedney, 1 f...	4	1	1	2	0
Mathews, p....	4	0	0	1	2
Totals....	19	7	18	13	13

Boston..... 0 0 0 3 0 0 1 2 3—10
Hartford..... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Hartford, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 5; Hartford, 5. Umpire, Mr. Avery of the Yale Club. Time, 2h.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

These prominent clubs met for the first time this season on May 19, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, and but for a shower of rain, which fell at 2 P. M., there would have been a large attendance of spectators; as it was, however, the crowd present was not a large one. A good game was anticipated, and a victory for the Mutuals was regarded as among the probabilities, inasmuch as the Mutuals had just returned from Philadelphia, flushed with their success over the Philadelphia and Centennial Clubs; whereas the Athletics had previously returned from the East'ard, badly defeated, and not in trim for good play. But baseball is uncertain, especially when the visiting club introduces an elastic ball to play with, as the Athletics did on this occasion. The game opened promisingly for the Mutuals, inasmuch as they led off with two runs after easily blanking their adversaries, Start opening play at the bat in lively style. In the second inning, however, the Athletics got in heavily on Mathews to the tune of no less than eight earned bases, the Mutuals becoming temporarily demoralized at the sudden onslaught on their pitcher; only three runs were earned, however, as the Athletics failed to play points as they should have done. Of course this took much of the interest out of the match, as the New Yorkers now had a tough up-hill piece of work cut out for them, and it was pretty certain that they were not going to be allowed to regain the lost advantage without a hard struggle. Still, Mathews recovered from the sudden attack on him, and in the next seven innings the Athletics did not earn a run from his pitching, and only added two to their score, errors by Holdsworth proving to be damaging. The Mutuals fought a good up-hill game. Start, Gerhardt, and Hicks doing some effective hitting, Old Joe managing to get a ball over Eggler's head in the sixth inning, on which he cleared all the bases. McBride pitched for catcher, and his field attended to no less than eighteen of the chances he gave them, in good style. As before, Clapp's catching behind the bat was quite a feature. Roesp marked his excellent outfield play by a pretty running catch, and Sutton made two good catches. On the Mutual side, Nelson bore off the fielding honors, McGee leading in the outfield and Gerhardt at the bat. The game was ably umpired by Mr. Biodgett of the Arlingtons, who only made one error in his decisions, and that was in deciding McBride out when the ball reached Start's hands simultaneously with McBride's touching the base. The rule plainly is that, unless the ball is palpably held on the base *before* the striker reaches it, he is not out. This rule applies in all cases of putting out players on the bases. It is imagined by some that the ball has the preference. This is not so, as in all doubtful cases the player must be decided as not out, unless he has been plainly put out.

ATHLETIC.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c f....	0	1	3	1	0
Clapp, c.....	5	1	1	8	0
Force, s s....	6	2	2	3	2
Roesp, 1st b..	5	2	10	0	0
Sutton, 3d b..	5	1	3	2	0
Hall, l f.....	6	1	0	1	0
McBride, p....	5	1	0	3	1
Knoch, r f....	3	0	0	2	0
White, c.....	2	3	4	0	1
Mannig, r f....	1	2	0	0	0
Latham, 1st b..	2	2	12	0	2
Totals.....	15	17	27	10	8

MUTUAL.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Start, 1st b...	5	3	2	12	0
Holdsw'th, s s	5	0	1	4	1
Nelson, 3d b..	5	1	1	2	1
Booth, r f....	5	1	0	0	0
Gerhardt, 3b..	5	0	3	0	2
Hicks, c.....	4	0	7	2	0
McGee, c f....	4	0	0	0	2
Gedney, 1 f...	4	1	1	2	0
Mathews, p....	4	0	0	1	2
Totals.....	41	6	15	23	8

Athletic..... 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2
Mutual..... 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—6

First base by errors—Athletic, 9; Mutual, 3. Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Mutual, 1. Umpire, Mr. Blodgett of the Arlington Club. Time, 1h. 50m.

HARTFORD vs. ATLANTIC.

The Hartford team—who, with the Athletics of Philadelphia, recently visited Boston—arrived in town on Thursday, May 20, and on that day played the Atlantics their fifth game together this season. The Hartfords did not present their full strength, as Harbidge caught in place of Allison, and the former is far from being up to the mark of the famous old Red Stocking catcher, who this year is playing in old 1869 style; but the team was of sufficient strength to take the Atlantics into camp, though at first it was close fighting, the fifth inning of the game with the score at 2 to 1 only in favor of the Hartfords. It would have been the same at the end of the sixth, but for the fatal drop of an easy fly-ball by Captain Pabor, who does not indulge in such things often. This gave the Hartfords two unearned runs; besides which, it dampened the ardor of the team, which the previous close playing had aroused to the point of making a close game of it, even if defeated. Afterwards the Hartfords ran their score up to 10, and kept that of the Atlantic down to the single they scored in the sixth inning, by Kesslers and Nichol's base-hits and a passed ball. In the fifth inning, after two men had been put out by Knowdell, he was severely hit in the face from a sharp fly-tip, and had to return from the field, Kessler going behind the bat in his place, Boyd to short field, Patterson to second base, and Cassidy to right field. Before the game was over Knowdell played again, and put a man out from short field. Kessler played well behind the bat, making three sharp tip-fly catches. In fact, he took the lead in fielding men out, Crane also playing his position well, as did Clack, three fine catches marking the latter's outfielding. Kessler led at the bat. On the Hartford side, Casey's short-field play was admirable. Indeed, he is playing finely in his position this season. Cummings pitched with good effect, York leading in fielding in the outfield, and Bond at the bat. The game was well umpired by Barlow, who watched the play closely. The only double-play was that by Clinton and Crane in the seventh inning. The former is gaining ground in his pitching. He is a fine fielder, and pitches with ability.

ATLANTIC.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Boyd, 2d b...	4	0	0	1	1
Kessler, s s..	4	1	2	5	2
Nichols, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	1
Clinton, p....	4	0	1	1	2
Crane, 1st b..	4	0	0	9	1
Cassidy, r f..	4	0	0	1	0
Knowdell, c..	3	0	0	3	2
Clack, c f....	3	0	0	3	0
Pabor, l f....	3	0	0	0	0
Totals....	33	1	4	27	9

HARTFORD.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harbidge, c..	5	1	2	7	0
Burdock, 2d b	5	2	1	2	0
Carey, s s....	6	0	2	2	3
Cummings, p	5	0	0	1	2
York, l f.....	4	1	2	1	0
Ferguson, 3b.	4	0	0	2	0
Remsen, c f..	4	2	2	1	0
Mills, 1st b..	4	2	12	0	0
Bond, r f.....	4	2	2	0	0
Totals....	41	10	13	17	5

Atlantic..... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2
Hartford..... 0 0 2 0 0 2 3 0 3—10

First base by errors—Atlantic, 1; Hartford, 3. Runs earned—Atlantic, 0; Hartford, 2. Umpire, Mr. Barlow. Time, 1h. 45m.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

The Athletics met the Atlantics in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 18; and though not in so good a trim as when they played them there before, they had little difficulty in defeating the Brooklyn nine again—this time by a score of 10 to 2 of scored runs, and 5 to 2 of earned runs. The game proved to be more of a batting contest than anything else; and though the Atlantics did better in this respect than in any other game this season, they were outplayed by the Athletics, alike in batting, fielding and base-running, the Atlantics showing up very weak in this respect. The play was good on both sides up to the close of the fourth inning, at which time the score stood at 2 to 2 only. In the fifth inning, however, the Athletics got in heavily on Clinton, with five clean hits, four runs being scored and earned. In the sixth inning, too, the Athletics, after escaping a blank, batted for four unearned runs, thus running up their score to 10, which they failed to increase, the Atlantics supporting the pitching of Cassidy—who took Clinton's place in the seventh inning—in better style than they did Clinton's. The Atlantics got in prettily on McBride in the third and eighth innings, and in the latter, but for blundering base-running, would have doubled their score. Boyd led off with a two-baser over Eggler's head, and Kessler hit safely for his base; and though three men followed—but one being caught out and another making a base-hit—not a run was scored, Boyd and Kessler being put out at home-base through their bad judgment in running. In the first inning McBride made a pretty fly-catch from a line ball, and followed it up with a double-play. Hall also made a double-play on a fly-catch by passing the ball in to Force, who threw it to Clapp, there catching Boyd, who attempted to run home on a short-fly ball. Richmond offset a dropped ball by capturing Clinton on second by his prompt throw to Rocap. Both these young players are acquisitions, but they want training. Why the club leaves out the veteran Reach is a puzzle to us. In batting, Boyd took the lead on the Atlantic side and McBride on the part of the Athletics, though Clapp and Anson were up to Dick in base-hits, but the latter hit the cleanest and best. Sutton played finely in his position in this game, Nichols bearing off the palm on the Atlantic side in fielding. The game was well umpired by Barlow.

ATHLETIC.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c f....	5	2	2	3	0
Clapp, c.....	5	1	3	6	2
Force, s s....	5	1	1	3	1
Anson, 1st b..	5	2	3	7	0
Hall, l f.....	5	0	1	1	1
McBride, p....	5	1	0	0	3
Richmond, r f	5	2	1	1	0
Totals....	45	10	16	27	12

ATLANTIC.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Boyd, 2d b...	5	1	3	4	3
Kessler, s s..	4	0	2	0	3
Nichols, 3d b.	5	0	0	4	6
Clinton, p....	5	0	2	2	3
Crane, 1st b..	5	0	2	13	1
Cassidy, r f..	4	0	1	0	0
Knowdell, c..	4	0	1	2	0
Clack, c f....	3	0	0	2	0
Pabor, l f....	3	1	2	2	0
Totals....	38	2	13	27	15

Athletic..... 0 0 2 0 4 4 0 0 0—10
Atlantic..... 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

First base by errors—Athletic, 5; Atlantic, 3. Runs earned—Athletic, 5; Atlantic, 2. Umpire, Mr. Barlow of the Atlantic Club. Time, 1h. 55m.

EMPIRE vs. NIAGARA.

These St. Louis clubs on May 16 played the first of a series of matches for the amateur championship of the State, at the Grand-avenue Park. Mr. Lipman Pike of the Brown Stockings was chosen umpire, and his decisions gave entire satisfaction to all concerned. Zimmerman, the new catcher of the Empires, played unusually well, allowing but one ball to pass him, and retiring three men. His throws to second were never wild, and his batting score was the best of the nine. Spaulding and Schimper played beautifully in the field, and Schimper at the bat scored five base-hits off Galvin's pitching. On the Niagara's side, Galvin and Dolan made the best plays. Galvin scored three base-hits off McCall, and Dolan behind the bat retired nine of the Empire men. Hunt, at the third base, did some very fine playing, six men having been put out by his assistance.

EMPIRE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Zimmerman, c....	5	2	3	2
Schimper, 3d b....	1	4	2	3
Barron, c f.....	0	0	2	0
Spaulding, 2d b...	0	1	4	3
Gorman, l f.....	2	2	1	0
Levis, 1st b.....	1	0	12	0
Mack, s s.....	2	2	1	0
McCall, p.....	2	2	0	4
Wirth, r f.....	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	13	12	27	16

NIAGARA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
McCaffrey, 1st b...	1	2	15	0
Krebs, l f.....	0	0	0	0
Newell, s s.....	1	2	2	3
Dolan, c.....	2	1	9	1
Galvin, p.....	4	3	0	3
White, c f.....	1	2	0	0
Hunt, 2d b.....	0	0	0	4
Keane, r f.....	0	1	0	1
McKenna, 3d b....	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	9	11	27	14

Empire..... 1 4 0 0 1 4 0 3 0—13
Niagara..... 5 0 1 0 2 0 1 0 0—9

Runs earned—Empire, 6; Niagara, 5. First base on errors—Empire, 6; Niagara, 6. Passed balls—Zimmerman, 1; Dolan, 1. Umpire, Lipman Pike of the St. Louis Club. Time, 2h. 5m.

TOSSING THE BALL IN ITALY.

Sergt. William Grimmond, U. S. M. C., forwards to us the following report of a match contested in the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel on May-day:

U. S. S. Juniata, Spezzia, Italy, May 2, 1875.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—THE CLIPPER of April 17, containing a report of the first baseball match played on French soil, was duly received, and its columns were eagerly discussed on board of all the ships in the fleet. I beg to advise that a return game between the Juniata and Congress nines was played on April 3, resulting in favor of the Juniata by a score of 35 to 34, in nine innings. The game was closely contested throughout, and both clubs showed considerable improvement in their previous playing. Leaving Villefranche April 15, our vessel, accompanied by the flagship Franklin, arrived at Spezzia on the 17th, where we found awaiting us the U. S. S. Alaska. Her crew had already organized a baseball club, and immediately on our arrival challenged us to play on May 1. We, of course, accepted, and, as extensive natural plain in rear of the Italy Navy Yard being selected for the ground, we measured off and laid out our bases and foul-flags. Saturday, May 1, found everything in readiness, and, the weather being propitious, the game passed off successfully. Both clubs played very creditably, and were awarded great praise by the spectators. The Juniata appeared in a regular uniform of white knee-breeches, red stockings, canvas shoes, white shirts with blue ribbon, and blue caps. The rig was made for us in Nice, and our boys presented a "nobby" appearance in the field. For particulars I refer to the annexed score, and assure you that "the good work goes bravely on."

JUNIATA.	R.
Clarke, c.....	4
Grimwood, p.....	5
Kelly, 1st b.....	4
Adams, 2d b.....	2
Foley, 3d b.....	2
Hart, s s.....	3
Travisey, l f.....	5
Hill, c f.....	2
Grady, r f.....	1
Total.....	28

ALASKA.	R.
Davis, 2d b.....	1
Cromwell, 1st b.....	0
Reddon, c.....	2
Ammon, r f.....	1
Donovan, c f.....	1
Gilmore, p.....	0
Campbell, 3d b.....	2
Cook, l f.....	2
Maloney, s s.....	1
Total.....	10

Umpire, Mr. Vanderveer, U. S. S. Alaska. Scorers, Wm. Dundas and Jas. Wilson. Time, 1h. 50m.

ROSE HILL vs. FLYAWAY AND ARLINGTON.

In a tilt between the amateur nines above named—the former of St. John's College, Fordham, and the latter of New York—on the college grounds, May 12, the students carried off the honors. The score:

FLYAWAY.	R.
Loughlin, 2d b.....	2
T. Fallon, p.....	1
Moore, 1st b.....	0
Shandley, c f.....	2
Ford, r f.....	0
Tracy, s s.....	1
C. Fallon, l f.....	0
Norton, 3d b.....	1
Gilligan, c.....	0
Total.....	7

ROSE HILL.	R.
Dando, c.....	1
Murphy, p.....	1
Haffen, 3d b.....	0
McQuade, 1st b.....	1
Jova, l f.....	0
Hendrick, r f.....	1
Quinn, s s.....	1
Dooley, c f.....	2
Bart, 2d b.....	2
Total.....	11

Flyaway..... 0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 0—7
Rose Hill..... 1 0 0 8 0 0 0 0 2—11

Umpire, Mr. Shea. Scorers, McDonald and Markey. Time, 2h.

On the 15th inst. the collegians, fresh from their victory over the Flyaways, met and defeated the Arlington Club, also of this city, on the same grounds. The Rose Hills played quite a pretty game, most of their work being done by the infield lers. Hovey and Ryan's play was the most noticeable on the side of the losing team. The score:

ROSE HILL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Dando, c.....	1	1	9	1
Murphy, p.....	1	0	2	3
Haffen, 3d b.....	2	2	4	0
McQuade, 1st b....	1	1	9	0
Jova, l f.....	1	1	2	0
Hendrick, r f.....	2	1	0	0
Quinn, s s.....	2	0	1	0
Dooley, c f.....	2	1	1	0
Bart, 2d b.....	2	2	0	1
Totals.....	14	10	27	8

ARLINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Ryan 2d b.....	1	0	7	1
Hayes, l f.....	0	0	3	1
McDermott, c f....	1	1	0	0
Tracey, s s.....	0	0	0	1
Dittier, r f.....	0	0	2	0
Hovey, 1st b.....	3	0	9	0
Purseil, 3d b.....	1	0	1	1
Totals.....	6	1	27	6

Rose Hill..... 0 0 0 6 5 0 0 3 0—14
Arlington..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—6

Umpire, Mr. Sullivan, Star Club. Scorers, Messrs. Markey and Flatley. Time, 2h.

Immediately after this contest the victors tried conclusions with the Rose Hill nine of 1872, and, after a fine exhibition of prowess, won by the following score by innings:

Nine of '75..... 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0—4
Nine of '72..... 1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—3

Umpire, Mr. Purroy of the Union Club. Scorer, Mr. Goodwin. Time, 1h. 50m.

CHICAGO vs. WESTERN.

On May 15 the Western Club of Keokuk, Iowa, met the Chicago Club, on the latter's grounds, and gave the Whites a hard tussle for the victory, as per score:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, c.....	3	1	5	1	0
Hastings, c f....	2	1	0	0	0
Warren, 3d b...	0	2	0	1	0
Devlin, 1st b....	0	3	19	0	1
Hines, 2d b.....	0	1	2	4	0
Peters, s s.....	0	0	0	2	0
Glenn, l f.....	1	1	2	0	0
Zettlein, p.....	1	0	0	2	1
Bielaski, r f....	1	2	2	0	2
Totals.....	7	11	30	10	5

WESTERN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Simmons, c f...	1	0	2	0	0
Quinn, c.....	1	0	3	0	1
Hollinson, s s..	0	1	2	3	4
Jones, l f.....	0	1	2	0	0
Corbine, 1st b..	0	0	13	0	1
Goldsmith, 2d b	0	0	0	4	4
Miller, 3d b....	0	0	5	5	1
Riley, r f.....	1	0	0	0	2
Golden, p.....	1	1	1	1	0
Totals.....	6	3	30	14	10

Chicago..... 0 0 3 0 1 0 0 0 3—7
Western..... 0 0 0 3 0 1 0 0 0—4

First base on errors—Chicago, 2; Western, 7. Passed balls—Higham, 2; Quinn, 1. Umpire, Dave Alston.

On the 18th the White Stockings again forced the team from Iowa to succumb, an error by Bielaski giving the Westerns the only runs they got. Score:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, c.....	1	0	3	0	0
Hastings, c f....	1	0	3	0	1
Warren, 3d b...	0	1	1	4	0
Devlin, 1st b....	1	0	10	1	0
Hines, 2d b.....	1	2	1	2	1
Peters, s s.....	1	2	1	1	0
Glenn, c f.....	0	0	0	1	0
Zettlein, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Bielaski, l f....	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	5	4	27	8	4

WESTERN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Simmons, c f...	0	0	0	0	2
Quinn, c.....	0	1	2	1	0
Hollinson, s s..	0	1	2	4	1
Jones, l f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Corbine, 1st b..	0	0	14	0	4
Goldsmith, 3d b	0	0	1	2	0
Miller, 3d b....	1	0	3	3	0
Barnie, r f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Golden, p.....	0	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	1	3	27	10	5

Chicago..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5—5
Western..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

First base on errors—Chicago, 6. Umpire, Fred Boardman.

WASHINGTON vs. NEW HAVEN.

The scores of games played by the above professional clubs at New Haven, Ct., May 15, 17.

WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Parkes, l f.....	1	1	4	0
Holly, c f.....	0	1	1	1
Allison, 1st b..	1	0	12	0
Brady, 2d b.....	1	1	0	4
Kessler, r f.....	1	2	0	0
Daley, s s.....	1	3	0	2
Stearns, p.....	2	2	0	1
Drescher, 3d b...	1	3	0	1
Thompson, c.....	0	1	5	0
Totals.....	8	14	27	11

NEW HAVEN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Geer, 2d b.....	1	1	4	3
McKelvey, r f....	0	1	1	0
Sullivan, c f....	1	3	0	0
Loef, 3d b.....	1	1	1	2
Tipper, 1 f.....	0	2	1	0
Gross, 1st b.....	0	1	14	0
Wright, s s.....	1	0	1	5
Bancker, c.....	0	0	3	0
Nichols, p.....	0	0	1	2
Totals.....	4	9	27	11

Washington..... 5 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0—8
New Haven..... 2 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—4

First base on errors—Washington, 1; New Haven, 4. Runs earned—Washington, 2. Umpire, W. C. Dole Jr. of New Haven.

WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Parkes, p.....	1	0	2	3
Holly, l f.....	0	0	1	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, on account of a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., passing between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*. Letters for persons in the country are not forwarded one week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 24.

Aikins, Georgie
Averill, M.
Arizarri, Mad.
Armond, Arzena (of Martino Co.)
Arnett, Lottie
Bell, Kate (of "Bl. Crook" Co.)
Baker, Mrs. S. A.
Bouton, Tillie
Bowman, Laura
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Barnard, Minnie
Bradley, Leonora (3)
Bernard, Maria (2)
Bailey, Ella (with Wildman)
Boyd, Nellie (of Murphy's Co.)
Bartholomew, Mrs. W. H.
B. — Mary (2)
Carle, Emma (with C. Carle) 9c.
Clifton, Emma
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Coventry, Julia (2)
Conklin, Mrs. J. L.
Cushman, Charlotte
Cerbon, Mlle. (2)
Chandos, Roy
Casselli, Mrs.
Crist, Alley (song-and-dance)
Drayton, Allie
De Sayer, Ida
De Witt, Emma
Davis, Laura
De Wells, Kittie
Dearden, Fannie (2)
Dean, Allie
De Vere, Ida
Evarts, Mrs. H.
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Ellis, Lillie
Fisher, Kate
Fuller, Blanche

"Abingdon" (2)
Arnold, W. N.
Ashley, Frank L.
Ainsworth, Frank K.
Anderson, Frank J.
Amonte, G. (acrobat)
Allen, Wm. Law-rence
Austin, A. S. (2)
Aldine, Ed.
Archer, C. (plan-ist)
Adams, Edwin
Ashcroft, "Billy"
Abeco, Sig. R.
Allen, Johnny
Allen, Dr. J. O. E. (2)
Austin, Chas. (com.)
Bergan, D.
Berger, Fred G
Blaine, Jos. A.
Bernardo, Bernie
Blitz, Francois R.
Brown, B (dram. manager)
Bryan's Minstrels, Neil
Barlow, Milt. G.
Burke, Jno. M.
Brown, E. B.
Brimmer, Lew
Beatty, H. H.
Bell, Mr. — (of Bailey's Cir.)
Blaisdell, W. B.
Beneder, Chas. E.
Brown, Jno. (of York, Eng.)
Barnabee, Chas. C.
Bernard, Oscar
Bernard, E. S.
Barrow, A. R.
Byrne, J. J.
Barton, Geo. H.
Bisbee, Frank (3)
Brennan, A. A.
Benton, Chas.
Burgess, Cool
Burnett, J. H.
Baker, Hunt (with Barnum)
Boucicault, Dion (3)
Benjamin, Harry P.
Bidwell, D. (manager)
Bunnell, Jno. (show "biz")
Bidanx, Dr. An gustave (2)
Barnum, H. (circus "biz") 10c.
Bryant & Williams
Bond, Prof. S. (show "biz")
Beehm, E. (of Italian Op. Co.)
Bothner, Gust.
Bastins, C. (of Thomas' Orch.)
Bem, Wm. Horace 10c.
Byron, O. Doud (2)
Beverly, C. Alcinar (2)
Brooks, T. L.
Barnum, Mr.
Cragg, Geo. A.
Coon, C. S.
Clark, Deloss W.
Ciprico, Geo. M.
Carle, Chas.
Carle, Wm.
Colwell, Jr., M.
Chappelle, W. J. (2)
Cameron, J. C.
Carson, Jay (with Strakosch)
Campbell, Frank G.
Cole, Al (of Forepaugh) 10c.
Culbertson, Frank
Cole, Wm. (circus "biz") (2)
Chippendale, F.
Chandler, Chas. A.
Clark, Gus Brooks
Cook, Frank L.
Converse, Frank B.
Campbell, F. (with Carncross & Dix.)
Chanfrau, F. S.
Carroll, Chas. (show "biz") (3)
Callender's Georgia Minstrels
Carncross & Dixie's Minstrels
Connolley, Prof. T.
Coyle, Geo. B. 3c.
Chapman, H. (with Barnum) (2)
Conley, H. (song-and-dance)
Crim, A. Flint
De Castro, Prof.
De Bar, Ben
Dalton, E. B.
Deering, G. C.
Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels
Dingess, Geo. Ed. J.
Duncan, Chas.
Davey, Thos. W.
Duffy, Pete E.
Dobson, Chas. B.
Denier, Tony
Danneman, F.
De Mott, Eugene J.
Deverell, Thos. R.
Dutton, H.
Duffy, Ed.
Davis, Jr. (of Robbin's Cir.)
Duffield, Harry S.
Dalton, A. (Irish comed.)
Davey, T. W. (of Barrett's Co.)
Dixon, Gill
Emerson & Clark
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Eakin, J. S.
Eisman, E. (musical)
Evans, Jno. D.
Everett, L. H.
Fuke, W. H.
Forrester, N. C.
Fortesque, Geo. K.
Florance, Geo. A.
Fox, Ned (of Gossa & Fox)
Forsyth, R. (late of Macauley's)
Forrester, Lon
Francis, Geo. (with Forepaugh)
Forster, Thos. B.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING professionals are at the Detroit (Mich.) post-office: P. T. Barnum, L. Lowenbaum, W. H. Ellis of Wm. Sawyer's Show, R. Crispin of Duprez & Benedict's Minst., F. Charles (2), C. Morton and Emily St. Clair of Soldene's Opera Troupe; also (2) for Soldene's Agent; Frank Mayo and Miss M. De Grandville of Mr. Conner's Circus; P. M. O'Hara and Ada Briggs of Roman Hippodrome; and Mad. Jullien, J. Pezzuolo, Florence Miles, of French Opera-bouffe.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, May 24, '75.

The warm gush of the past three or four days gave a quietus to both Winter and Spring, and brought Summer upon us without a moment's warning. From frigid cold to torrid heat the transition was short, sharp and decisive; and those who had been profuse in their assaults upon lingering Winter were equally lavish of words in condemnation of the sudden advent of the first heated term of the season. The theatres "tumbled to it" immediately, as could be seen in the reduced attendance, and the lack of "enthusiastic applause" and other spontaneous demonstrations of approval. The shady side of the street was sought by those in the melting mood, while sun-shades figured in the hands of masculines as well as in those of the more delicate sex. White hats came with a rush; straws loomed up ominously; hot Scotch gave place to cool cobblers; and ice-cream ruled the roast. But the boys of the sawdust arena welcomed the change in the weather, as well as the change in the treasury, with an outburst of feeling that spoke from the fullness of the heart; for it cannot be denied that the numerous caravans that started out with such great expectations when the Spring was young, have met with reverses sufficient to crush any other class of public exhibitions; but the lambs of the arena are not of those who droop at the first disappointment, and close up for repairs when the voice of the people is not heard..... Clara Morris and George Rignold essayed the parts of Lady Macbeth and Gentleman Macbeth at Booth's Theatre, on Monday evening, May 19. If they intended the impersonations as tragedy, then their efforts in that direction were the most lamentable failures ever witnessed at that house; if as a burlesque on the great creation of the immortal William, then they achieved a success which we shall not attempt to ignore or belittle. If tragedy were really intended, then Clara and George must have been made painfully aware of the ludicrous figures they presented, and of their utter lack in the histrionic art; and the sooner they step down and out, and resume their proper places in the ranks, the better it will be for all those whom it may concern. The applause that greeted them, the calls before the curtain, and the pair of bouquets that were shied at them, were not real, were not the testimonials of a grateful people—but, on the contrary, were salutes at the tricks of the trade, the well-rehearsed parts played by the officials in front. We trust that we have seen the last of these painful exhibitions.....It is said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it is no doubt a true bill. Nor does one half of the theatrical profession have any idea of the hardships endured by the other half in efforts to keep body and soul together. The following lines were composed by a member of a traveling troupe, after he had played four weeks and two nights in an "Uncle Tom Combination" without receiving any salary in all that time:

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

I sigh not for the running brook,
Nor for the leafy wood;
I ask no home in Paradise—
'Twould do me little good;
But all I ask in this wide world,
With gold and silver stored,
Is cash enough to buy a drink
And settle for my board.

.....The Hugheses are in a majority at the Theatre Comique, where may be seen the gentle Annie, the luscious Jennie, and the nimble Andy Wade—in all the Hugheses in the Hughes party..... We have "The Twelve Temptations" at the Grand Opera-house in this city, and over in Brooklyn they have "The Twelve Temptations" in the jury box at the Beecher-Tilton trial; and the latter is creating the greatest interest just now, especially in the breasts of would-be bribers. .....It is not true that Clara Morris intends to walk on a tight rope stretched from the Washington to the Lincoln statue at Union-square. Neither is it correct that those "pooty boys"—Rignold and Montague—as Frisco Backus calls them, are to appear in a friendly set-to for the benefit of Joseph Coburn..... The "Irish *Heiress*" at Wallack's is shortly to be followed by the *Irish girl* of Harrigan and Hart.....The theatrical season is almost at its close—a week or two more will witness the departure of the regulars, and the advent of the Summer volunteers. Of the houses already in the early close line we may enumerate Niblo's Garden, the Park, the Academy, the Globe, and Brant's. The Comique closes with the current week, as does Wallack's; the San Francisco Minstrels wind up the season next week, and "go a-fishing;" the Union-square releases "The Two Orphans" June 15; while Booth will drive on the stage-line a little longer, and take to the water-line with Captain Tooker are the leady month of June grows old..... Francis Mayo has no reason to be favorably impressed with this city, since his beautiful idyl failed to "rivet the attention of rapt audiences." And so he turned his back upon us, and wheeled into Boston, which is ever a haven of refuge to those who in disgust shake off the dust of the metropolis. A few tender lines of rare excellence we compose for this occasion:

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.

"Davy Crockett's" at the "Hub,"
Displeased with New York City;
And thus we have no "*Dare*" in port
But Fanny, pert and pretty.

.....It is time that our dramatists were getting up something for the Centennial season. A grand spectacular play, with new scenery, imposing tableaux, and all the glitter and gold that help to light up a well-constructed drama, may touch the patriotic heart at that time, and be the open sesame to the public pocket. "There's millions in it," if we may be permitted to coin a phrase that Col. Sellers claims as his own..... We feel sorry for Brooklyn. We have always been taught to look upon that city as a model of propriety, morality, and piety. It is with pain that we have had our eyes opened to the *real* state of affairs over there. This reminds us that the way of the transgressor is hard. While the great trial is drawing people away from other places of amusement, and making managers regret the day that they were born, let us remember that the end draweth nigh, that all things work together for good. Should we visit the Park Theatre at any time, and see a sparse attendance there, to the people of Brooklyn we should feel called upon to exclaim: "Be sure your Sinns will find you out." A few words of explanation. Through the influence of Sinn's, the Park lives; because it is Sinn's management that keeps the Park a-running. If, therefore, we find not the people *in*, they must be *out*. Hence, be sure your Sinns will find you *out*! The management would be found *out*, too—out of pocket. We *think* we have made this thing plain enough; but, if we have *not* done so, the "quarters" will be refunded at the headquarters of Sinn.—ED. CLIP.].....Cooker, who works up things at Booth's Theatre, is to take a party of the right sort on a codfishing excursion, per Plymouth Rock, on Saturday night ensuing. The gentlemen "counted in" are the real codfish aristocracy of this town, and when they get to see the sea, and enjoy its rolls, etc., "one fish [way] will suffice for all." This is another of those smart sayings for which our name has become a household word. It may be proper to remark that this brilliant scintillation was written and composed while Rignold was murdering Duncan and Macbeth. —ED. CLIP.].....Spelling matches, like the "epizoot," are going the rounds, leaving death and desolation in their course. No girl will entertain an offer of marriage from a young man unless he can go through the spelling-book from a to izzard. There's no knowing where its mischieviousness is going to stop. Why just look here—when the fair Harrison, of Olympian fame, wishes to reject the unpalatable advances of her boarding-house admirer, what does she think she does? Don't *know*? Why, of *course* you don't. How *should* you, with your limited fund of information? *We'll* tell you—she merely spells her name backward! [We fully appreciate your kind applause, and would answer your encore were it not that the extreme length of the programme forbids any repetition of the several acts.—ED. CLIP.]..... That "arch-villain" McKee Rankin is to have a benefit on Tuesday afternoon, June 1; and, as he is *rankin'* among the best in the cast of "The Two Orphans," we shall expect to see the Union-square Theatre crowded on the occasion, and the Unionsquare *occasional* with the beneficiary. [Comprehensive that Mr. Rankin may, in the innocence of his soul, view our reference to his villainy in an *un*-artistic point of view, we take this opportunity to assure him that no offense is intended; but, rather, that our reference to him is of that playful nature for which we are proverbial.—ED. CLIP.]..... *Annie Waite*, for her benefit at the Brooklyn Theatre, announced "*Ingomar*." We doubt if there is any *weight* attached to it for drawing purposes, though we trust that she may find no cash *out go mar* her happiness.....The city is to be enlivened with the sounds of "martial strains" this Summer. Theodore Thomas and his band of fifty have already started the ball at the Central Park Garden, while the Ninth Regiment Band of one hundred and fifty pieces opened the Coliseum at Jones' Wood yesterday. Gilmore, with the one hundred good men and true, begins a season at the late Hippodrome on Saturday night. We are told that "Music hath charms to *soothe* the savage heart;" and yet on Saturday night last we heard a bull-dog howl ominously at the time that a band-organ under our window was grinding out "Old Dog Tray" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold."....Let it be borne in mind that Bryant's Minstrels are to give an entertainment at the Academy of Music, in this city, on Saturday evening, May 29, when a very attractive programme will be presented, interpreted by all the minstrels in the profession. Neil Bryant, the sole survivor of the old firm of Bryant Brothers, and the sole manager of the present organization, will appear on the 29th, for the first time here in several years. Give the old times rockers a hearty reception, and fill their pockets with the proceeds of the occasion. Mr. James Sheparde did *not* write "Then You'll Remember Me." That beautiful ballad was originated by a soldier who, losing a leg in the late war, applied to the Secretary of War for a new one. Mr. Balfe was present at the time, and he was so touched by the incident, that he remembered the soldier and his wants in the song that made the world that famous song that will stand while memory holds her seat. .....We would suggest that at the next centennial performance of a play, the company gather on the stage, and sing "Old Hundred," while the congregation join in the doxology..... Those who have found a new source of amusement in listening to Mrs. Backus *spell*, are going to the Academy on Saturday night to hear Dave *Reed*!..... "Round the World in Eighty Days," to be produced at the Grand opera-house on Monday evening, May 31, ought to *draw*, since it is by *Leech*!..... With these few remarks, and with matches for no purpose, we bid peach peace for all, we shall, with your kind permission, bring this article to a close, with the assurance, also, of our distinguished consideration and high regard.

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AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, during the expired week, Miss Clara Morris acted Lady Macbeth for the first times in this city, and George Rignold the character of Macbeth for the first times on any stage, and both of these performances were signal failures. Miss Morris has ineradicable defects of voice, which should deter her from ever attempting the reading or recitation of blank verse in public. Those defects were marred her performance of Evadne, and in the character of Lady Macbeth became painfully glaring. Her conception and embodiment of the latter character were by no means symmetrical. In the earlier portions of the tragedy, where her conception was correct, she lacked physical power to impress forcibly upon the minds of her intelligent audience that she commenced to wander from the recognized and accepted correct delineation of the character, and to attempt to invest it with some of those peculiar effects which have given celebrity to her name in connection with the modern sensational drama, the true character, as almost entirely lost sight of. There can be no doubt about the characteristics of Lady Macbeth. She is an ambitious woman of iron determination, ready to sacrifice anything to obtain the object of her wishes, in pursuit of which she never wavers for a single instant. The least variation in the portrayal of this idea weakens the harmony of the picture; and if perceived in either through carelessness or misconception, the whole fabric is shattered. Shakespeare drew this character as a type of ambitious women, and as such it will stand for all time. Macbeth is the foil. She is weak and vacillating, and shows a disposition to retreat from the execution of a purpose at moments when such withdrawal would prove fatal to the accomplishment of the undertaking; and it is only by the exercise of the strong will of Lady Macbeth that he is armed with strength to proceed. In the first scene in which Lady Macbeth appears—Act I, sc. 5, of the original text—Shakespeare has put into her mouth a thorough description of her character. After reading the letter and descanting upon the weakness of the character of Macbeth, she exclaims:

——His thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

When informed that King Duncan is to visit her that night, she recites the following invocation:

Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

After greeting her returned lord, and being informed that it is Duncan's intention to part on the morrow, she replies:

O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Mach.—We will speak further.
Lady M.—Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me!

It will be seen that Lady Macbeth instigates the murder, and implies that she will undertake the supervision of it. Macbeth says nothing upon the subject, unless his sole remark, "We will speak further," may be considered as such comment. Miss Morris first strayed from the correct delineation of the character when she exclaimed to Macbeth: "Give me the daggers." Just before clutching them she paused, for stage effect, which might be interpreted to portay fear on her part; and on her passing the portal of the door leading to the room where the dead King lay, her movements as if to shut out the horrid sight from view. This action ill accords with the text, for she has just said:

The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the face of Duncanous withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

This state of feeling is more than confirmed by a remark made by Lady Macbeth in her description of her previous preparation for the night, wherein she had drugged the possets of the grooms, and laid their daggers ready for Macbeth to use. She said: "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't." In the banquet scene—which, by the way, was badly acted—after all, save Miss Morris, had made their exit, she, after a long pause, touched the crown upon her head, and started and looked then, covering her eyes, made her exit, moaning deeply, as if she were conscience-stricken. Such an act would have been foreign to Lady Macbeth's nature, as it was only in her sleep-walking scenes, when self-control was entirely abnegated, that she evinced the slightest remorse. Miss Morris made a hash of her best in the sleep-walking scene. This lady has hitherto won no little celebrity for her excellence in depicting a certain class of characters in modern sensational plays requiring the display of deep intensity of feeling and natural acting, and we regret that her ambition should lead her to forsake the emotional school for the higher sphere of art, for which she is fitted by neither nature nor artistic training. Her voice at times is childish, and on several occasions, during the performance under review, if one's gaze was exerted from the stage, it seemed as though a child of some twelve Summers was playing the part. Her conception of Macbeth was even more faulty. He lacked dignity, many of his readings were erroneous, and some of the most beautiful passages of dialogue he slurred over in a careless and ineffective manner—notably so the description of sleep in the murder scene. His gestures lacked grace, and at times were inappropriate, and his make-up was ineffective. In the banquet-scene he appeared to the least advantage, but we cannot spare the space to review his delineation at length. The remainder of the cast was fairly, though unevenly, acted. F. B. Warde is deserving of high praise for his admirable performance of Macduff, which he made one of the chief features of the entertainment. George Clarke seemed to have some intuitive knowledge that there would be some hurlesque in the performance, so he attired Malcolm in a polished helmet, a light wig with long, flowing hair dressed in the fashion that young ladies wear theirs at the present day, and a crimson dress similar to the Grecian or Roman tunics and togas. J. B. Studley gave a capital portrayal of Banquo, being quiet and natural, and spelling his words with much intelligence. Henry Weaver deserves praise for a capital performance of Rosse; and C. B. Bishop, Mary Wells, and Charles Leclercq as the three witches, and Annie Kemp Bowler as Hecate, were quite satisfactory. The attendance—well, we can only say that the lower portion of the auditorium was very respectable, but no matter what the action nor what success it may have obtained in popular estimation. This week Miss Morris makes another perilous venture in acting, for the first time here, Jane Shore.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, "Girofle-Girofla," Lecocq's charming opera, proved during the past week an attractive feature in the list of production in this city. The opera, although offering but little for the non-musical to remember and carry away as a reminiscence, has firmly established itself as a favorite with the public, being filled with a succession of brilliant numbers that grow upon the hearer at each repetition, and the entertainment in listening to them backus *spell*, are going to the Academy on Saturday night to hear Dave *Reed*!..... "Round the World in Eighty Days," to be produced at the Grand opera-house on Monday evening, May 31, ought to *draw*, since it is by *Leech*!..... With these few remarks, and with matches for no purpose, we bid peach peace for all, we shall, with your kind permission, bring this article to a close, with the assurance, also, of our distinguished consideration and high regard.

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MUSICAL NOTES.—An English version of "Girofle-Girofla" was produced at Robinson Hall on Wednesday evening, May 19, a number of local artists, several of whom are better known to the dramatic than lyric stage, took part in the representation. The cast included Miss Clara Fisher as Girofle-Girofla, Miss Louise Frankle as Marasquin, Miss Anna Mortimer as Aurore, Geo. Atkins as Don Bolero, and Welsh Edwards as Mousmouk..... Miss Sophia Flora Hellbron gave a piano recital at Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon, in which she was assisted by Mr. A. H. Pease and others. The sudden shower interfered with the success of the concert. .....The twenty-second grand organ concert at the Tableau pantomime of "The Man in the Moon, or Scenes in the Life of Captain Jack," brought the entertainment to a close. Prof. Lawrence's Parisian Troupe will appear at this theatre May 24, in groupings, along with Mlle. Blanche Fontaineblaeu and Martini Chiriski. Hugh Judge has a complimentary benefit on May 26.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Philadelphia, before Judge Mitchell, was heard, on the 14th inst., the action of Louise Case against McDonough & Earnshaw, she having made in London, England, a contract with the defendants for twenty-four months to assist in the performances of the Marionettes. Plaintiff alleged that, after she had served a few months, her wages were reduced one-half, and finally she was discharged; the defense being that she had not performed her part satisfactorily. A verdict for the plaintiff of $1,062.50 was given.

THE JANAUSCHEK COMPANY closed their traveling season at Omaha, Neb., May 15. Mme. Janauschek, George Claflin, and J. O. Sefton left 16 for San Francisco, and the remainder of the company left for the East.

BRIFFART'S PANTOMIME TROUPE performed in Quebec, P. Q., during the past week. They have returned to this city.

GOLDEN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed during the past week in Peru, Ind. Andy Mallon and wife joined at Covington.

EDWIN CLIFFORD, manager of the dramatic company supporting John Dillon, informs us that he gave a benefit for the sufferers by the recent conflagration in Oshkosh, Wis., at Eau Clair, which netted $80.45, and that amount was promptly forwarded to the Relief Committee at Oshkosh.

A PLAY FOR SALE.—A copy of "The Child of the Savannahs," with the original music, is offered for sale by Alice Kingsbury, who advertises.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Indianapolis, Ind., can be rented during May, June and July, and all business communications relating to the regular season, commencing Sept. 6, should be addressed to Dan'l Macauley, as per advertisement.

MILTON NOBLES, who acted in "Jim Bludsoe" at the evening performances during the week, to which was added on Thursday "The Dumb Girl of Genoa," which was continued the rest of the week, and the stock company in "Nick Whiffles" at the matinees, comprised the attractions at Wood's Museum since our last report. Attendance fair.

THE BENEFIT—Steve Rolson's on Thursday afternoon and Charles R. Thorne Jr.'s on Friday evening—at the Union-square Theatre were well attended. "The Two Orphans" continues to attract good-sized audiences, and was performed for the one hundred and fifty-seventh time on May 22. The season there is drawing to a close.

"FRITZ, OUR COUSIN GERMAN," is to be represented at the Fifth-avenue Theatre this evening, May 24, for the one hundredth time, and in honor of the event it will be presented with new costumes and decorations, and every lady visiting the theatre is to be presented with a miniature brick of solid silver for the watchchain or chatelaine. These bricks are facsimiles of the large silver bricks shipped from the Nevada mines. On one side is stamped "5th avenue Theatre;" on the reverse "Big Bonanza—100th night;" another side shows the quality "Sterling;" and the last side bears the stamp of the silversmiths.

MANAGER JOHN H. MEECH of Buffalo, N. Y., was in the city during the past week attending to some business with the Knights of Pythias, of which order he is the Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of this State.

MANAGER FRED G. BERGER of the Berger Family arrived in the city May 21.

MISS AGNES WALLACE is recovering from her late illness, and will resume her professional duties in the Fall.

A LARGE NUMBER of well-known and talented variety performers are announced to appear in their various specialties at the Olympic Theatre during the present week. Details may be obtained by the perusal of our advertising columns.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, advertises that Aug. Pennoyer is open for an engagement either as advance agent, business or stage manager; that the Providence Opera-house, R. I., is open for rental during June, July and August; and that Lizzie Anderson, old women and heavies, is at liberty to accept an engagement for the coming season.

JOHN L. SANFORD, advertising agent, 9 Amity street, whose cards find elsewhere, wants to engage musicians, and would like to hear from Charles Fostelle.

FRITZ HIRSCHY, the box-bookkeeper of the Lyceum Theatre, is to have a benefit on Friday evening, May 28, and W. C. Conklin will be similarly honored on Tuesday evening, May 24.

THE BRYANT FUND.—No report, as yet, has been made to the public what has been done with the money the people so generously contributed to this fund. What's the matter *now*?

THIS IS THE LAST week of "The Twelve Temptations" at Grand Opera-house. "Round the World in Eighty Days" is announced for May 31.

A. H. SHELDON in several sensational dramas will be the attraction at Wood's Museum this week. He is a great favorite with the patrons of that theatre.

THE RICHMOND SISTERS and Annie and Andy Hughes are to be the first appearances this week at the Theatre Comique.

WASH NORTON arrived in town from Chicago, Ill., during the past week. He is engaged for twenty weeks of the season of 1875-6 at the Olympic Theatre.

CHARLES W. BARRY, actor and author, who has charge of the business arrangements of Dominick Murray's starring engagements, arrived in town during the past week.

RUSSELL GIRARD, one of the Girard Brothers, arrived in this city May 23 from California.

W. H. LEAKE, comanager of the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., arrived in town May 17.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE FOUNDERS at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I., was noticeable last week. Mlle. Marie Zoe appeared as Cynthia in "The Flowers of the Forest" May 17, 18, 19, 21, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and second and third act of "The French Spy" 22. Master Barney, Reardon and Hill, and J. J. Burns appeared in their several specialties between the two plays on 22. On 30 Mlle. Zoe was indisposed and unable to appear, when "Ten Nights in a Barroom" was substituted for "Sunlight Through the Mist." E. H. Lay, W. H. Brent, S. M. Burke, Miss Ada Forrester, and Julia R. Brent were the assistants. Mr. G. D. Davenport is engaged for May 24. .....At the Brooklyn Theatre, the Conway Sisters played their respective parts of Henrietta and Louise in "The Two Orphans" to full houses each evening and Saturday matinee during the week past. "The Two Orphans" will be continued 24, 26, 27, 29. Miss Annie Waite, the leading lady, has a benefit 28, when she will appear as Parthenia in "Ingomar," to conclude with "Perfection." Walter Lennox is announced to have a farewell benefit 28, and "The Beautiful Woman," "Smiths and Brown," and "Romeo Jaffier Jenkins" are underlined for that evening. E. Lamb has also tendered his services for the occasion. The present season ends May 29, after which a short Summer season for combinations and stars commences.....Messrs. Harrigan and Hart take possession of the Brooklyn Academy of Music May 29, to appear in their new drama "The Doyle Brothers," introducing among other specialties "The March of the 69th Regiment."

THE TRAVELING PORTION of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company performed "The Big Bonanza" at Reading, Pa., May 19, 20, Wilmington, Del., 21, 22, and this week will act in Baltimore, Md.

HARRY HIGHT has been divorced from Jessie C. Hight, and that lady is now married to Edwin Browne, manager of Frank Aiken's dramatic company.

ROBERT MCWADE, supported by W. Davidge Jr., P. A. Fitzgerald, Eugene Eberle, Louis Meredith, B. M. Sheridan, Annie Ward Tiffany, Maggie Harold, and Emma Markley, is to perform at Norristown, Pa., May 24, 25, and in neighboring towns during the rest of the week, and open at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, May 31.

THE CLARA WILDMAN DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a season of 112 weeks at Harrisonburg, Va., May 22.

THE SELDEN IRWIN DRAMATIC COMPANY closed their season at Houston, Texas, May 17. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and Harry Rainforth are rusticating at the Hot Springs, Ark.

THE BENEFIT TO COMPANY BENEFIT, which was to have taken place in Philadelphia, Pa., at the Academy of Music, on May 18, did not take place. The press of that city have been very reticent about the matter, and no reasons of the failure have been made public.

MISS ROSA RAND will no longer travel with Frank Mayo.

JOHN P. SM

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 21st inst., the Centennial Association's orchestra, comprising 100 performers, under the direction of Mr. Simon Hassler, gave a concert.

AN ORCHESTRA of five pieces, late of the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., can be engaged by addressing Geo. Olney, as per card.

JOE ALLEMUR, leader of orchestra and band, now in his second season with Washburn's Last Sensation, advertises for an engagement for the Fall and Winter season. He can furnish musicians,

VARIETY HALLS.

"Tenax Propositi."

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE OBJECT "SUO MARTE,"
BY REX.

Through seasons of toil and trying,
Of struggles in mind and of heart,
Nearing the gold underlying
Years of devotion to art;
Passed, now, the mutative river,
A cross which "Opinion" held rule.
Success has crowned true endeavor
To ennoble the style and school
Of which he's indeed the *pastor*,
"Royal Arch Deacon" and "Master."

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., continues to receive its share of patronage, although the business was not so large as was expected during Race week. Mlle. Lui, Nellie McDonald, Lizzie La Grange, and Zella Howard were the new appearances on May 17, and all of them are fair in their business. H. C. Davis, Hays and Edgell, and Mlle. Lui departed 22, destinations unknown, Frankie Lee leaving same date for Indianapolis. The Henry Family and Scott and Bryant were billed for 24.

BILLY STEWART, who advertises, wants to engage artists for the CLIPPER CONCERT HALL, Fort Wayne, Ind.

A BANJOIST and clog-dancer, who can also play alto in brass, and who has other specialties, wants an engagement. Address "Specialty," as per card.

JAMES ROGERS is now stage-manager of the Theatre Comique, Chippewa Falls, Wis., in place of T. H. Jefferson, who has gone to St. Paul, Minn.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY will hereafter be known as Victorelli and Little Eldon. They are now traveling with the Pacific Combination, and announce that they have no open dates until next November. Their address is care of this office.

PADDY HUGHES, song-and-dance, and Miss Nellie Hughes, serio-comic vocalist, close at New Haven, Ct., May 22. Managers desiring to negotiate can address as per card.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Troy, N. Y., a new variety house, which has just been completed, will be open to the public June 7. The proprietor is Thomas Miller, and the stage-manager Geo. Coes. First-class variety artists can find open dates by addressing as per card in this issue.

THE ST. FELIX SPECIALTY TROUPE, including Leanore, child artist, now with Sweet & Thornton's Lady Minstrels, advertise for engagements.

ACKER & CHILDS have secured a lease of Apollo Hall, Troy, N. Y., for a term of years, and have fitted it up as a variety theatre, to be known hereafter as the Olympic. The hall is eighty-five feet long by fifty feet wide, having a parquet and an inclined floor in the rear and, with seats for 250 persons. In front of the parquet are 350 orchestra chairs. In the rear of the hall, over the parquet, is a balcony capable of seating 100 people, so that the total seating capacity is over seven hundred. The hall is excellently ventilated, well lighted, and has been newly painted and frescoed. May 17 was the opening night, when the place was jammed. The company comprised Lew Spencer, Carrie Lavarnie, Baker and Doyle, Pete Cannon, Lulu Delmay, Maggie Weaner, the Waite Sisters, and Billy McAllister. An immense business was done the entire week. Harry Bernard and Maggie Weaner closed 22. La Pauline and Ida Morton open 24. The new Grand Central Variety Theatre is nearly completed, and is announced to be opened for the season June 7 with one of the best variety companies that ever exhibited in this city. Among the prominent names on the list of the new company are Barney and Rickey, Schoolcraft and Coes, Nellie Pierce, Morton and Bernado, the Russell Children, Mons. Giovani with his musical tumblers, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Alf McDowell, and John O'Neil, a San Francisco favorite. This theatre will comfortably seat 900 people, and when finished will be one of the handsomest variety theatres in the country. The proprietor, Mr. Thomas Miller, is a man of wealth, and enterprising, and he intends to secure only first-class talent. Letter of May 22.

BUSINESS at the Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa., has been good during the past week. The Zitella Family opened May 17, and proved a drawing card. Closed 22; Kitty Lowande, Winnetta Craven and Tom Hedges, all to Miller's, Philadelphia.

CHARLEY FOX, Dutch comedian, performing for some time past at the Adelphi Theatre, Wilmington, Del., attempted to commit suicide on May 18th, as he had been financially embarrassed, and was depressed in spirits in consequence. On the morning of the 18th he received a letter from New York informing him of the death in an hospital of a much-loved sister. In the afternoon he attempted to jump into the river, but was forcibly restrained by his companion. Subsequently he attempted to cut his throat with a knife while at supper, but the instrument was too dull. He then purchased two vials of laudanum, each containing three ounces, and immediately drank the contents of one, and a short time afterwards another. This overdose threw him into terrible convulsions about 7 o'clock, and they did not pass off under medical care until after midnight. On the morning of the 19th he was improving, but was weak and unable to leave his bed. This information we glean from *The Daily Gazette* of Wilmington, Del., dated May 20.

MISS HOLMES'S STAR SENSATION is to start on a tour from Wilmington, Del., May 24. The company and officers are as follows: Mme. Horner, manageress; Add Ringler, stage-manager; Prof. Albert, leader of the orchestra; W. H. Moore, agent; Searles and Biggs, song-and-dance; the Horner Brothers, gymnasts; Charles H. Adams, pantomimist; Add Ringler, comedian and vocalist; Minnie De Kalb, vocalist; Ada Monck, comedienne. Route: Chester, Pa., May 24, Germantown 25, Trenton, N. J., 26, New Brunswick 27, Elizabeth 28, Paterson 29, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 31, Oshoee June 1, Rondout 2.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Laura Bernard, serio-comic, opened May 17, and Sheffer and Nelson, song-and-dance, 18. Julia Bennett closed 19, and the Johnson Sisters 20. Fanny Lockwood opens 24.

HENSHAW AND EVANS, who may be classed with the best of song-and-dance men; Hawley and Phillips, credible imitators of the above named team of business; and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ware, who are clever vocalists and entertaining sketch artists, were the arrivals at the Adelphi, Albany, N. Y., May 17. Business good. Closed 22: the Irwin Sisters, who go to Rondout; J. H. and May McBride, to Rochester; and Aubrey and King, to a positive engagement. Opened 24: The Holland Brothers and Mlle. Violetta, Nellie Daniels, J. H. Graham and Mlle. Albertazzi.

HARRY MONTAGUE, comique, arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Australia on May 13 in the steamship Cyphrenes. Since he left New York in Jan., 1871, he has performed in England, Ireland and Scotland; thence to the Cape of Good Hope, Calcutta, Bombay; thence to Melbourne, Australia, and the principal towns of Victoria, Sydney, and the towns of New South Wales, Auckland, New Zealand, Honolulu, S. I., where he gave one performance, aided by Senor Gonzales and M. Vincent, acrobat and athlete, passengers from Australia in the same vessel, and thence to California.

WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., was again opened May 17 by Joe Mills of Bay City, with the following artists: Lizzie La Tour, Jennie Leslie, Chas. and Minnie Seamon, Tom Somers, Annie Gibsons, Lennie Gibson, the Leo Brothers, and Annie Gibbons does a song-and-dance in black, just like a man, and her dancing is heartily encored. Lizzie Latour in serio-comic songs was well received. Jennie Leslie is clever. Business moderate. Letter of May 19.

COL. SINN is still holding his own at the new Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I. There was no change of persons last week. The Worrell Sisters appeared in "Ixion," after which there was plenty of fun by Sallie Adams, Sam Vills, Sam Devere and Nully Pieris, Novelty Troupe No. 10 is the announcement for May 24, giving a new class of sensations. Martinetti Pantomime Troupe, Miss Gussie Crayton, Crossley and Elder, James Maas, the Faust Family, Mlle. Lea, Harry and A. J. Talbot and John Peasley are the new appearances. Departures 22: Worrell Sisters, Sallie Adams, Carrie and Charles Austin, Nully Pieris, Smith and Waldron and the Almontes.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Comique, Toledo, O., May 17 were Annie Fox, Sallie Mason, McKee and Ryland and Frank Carleton. Miss Fox is very pretty and a good singer. Frank Carleton does a good burlesque ring. Sallie Mason is an old favorite. McKee and Ryland and Kate Harvey open in Cleveland 24. The Henri Family close 22 and go to Louisville. The Winnetts open in Cincinnati May 24. Frank Bell closed May 22. Harry Monroe, Grace Harris, Bob Scott and Patti Rosa, Ben Dodge, Seamon and Somers and Annie Seamon open 24. Lent's new variety theatre has reached the second story. Letter of May 21.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., the attendance the past week was moderate. The new people were the Robian Quartet, the Warren Sisters, James Roche, Billy Carroll, and Billy Gray. All have given good satisfaction, but the quartet were especially clever. The only departures 22 were the Carter Boys and Harry Blanchard to New York. Same company this week .....New people at Isidore's Varieties were Finn and Connelly and Johnny Garzon. Houses fair.

JESSIE HOWARD and Tommy Morris, old favorites, are the only new faces at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va. In the trial clog dance between C. Morris, T. Morris, Hassal and Hoey, Charley was conceded to be the best. Jessie Howard gains nightly in popular favor. Notwithstanding very warm weather, business remains excellent. Manager Putnam has decided not to travel as announced some weeks ago. Frank Hassal closed May 22.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, was well attended during the week ending May 22. The novelties included James M. Ward and Miss Winnetta Montague, who enacted their respective parts of George Guernoy and Madge Morton in "Through by Daylight," with a vim and effectiveness highly commendable. Miss Annie Morgan, vocalist, and Mlle. Emordeline Emoclew and Mons. Alphonse, gymnasts, were the other new appearances. Claude F. Defferay's courtesy in his position of treasurer was rewarded with a crowded house on the 21st of May, the occasion of his benefit. Miss Celia Beltram, Eugene Blitz, and Johnson and Bruno commence engagements on the 24th. The Richmond Sisters closed May 22.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, slackwire performer, who is now performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, can be addressed care of this office by managers desiring to engage him.

DUNBAR AND MONTANA'S flying-trapeze act is very favorably noticed in a recent issue of *The Chicago Tribune*, an extract from which is published in our business department.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., the forces were increased on May 17 by six new people. Lottie Brown is a handsome blonde, possessing a fine voice and good cultivation, her songs being of a better class than are usually sung by serio-comics. Her rendering of "Beautiful Girl of Kildare" was quite artistic and well appreciated. Parlor gymnastics by the Snow Brothers were superb; later in the evening they introduced their performing dogs with good effect. Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta (old favorites here) gave their Dutch flirtation-acts. Harry and Fanny Wood are as popular as ever, for they always introduce new acts and songs. The Claire Sisters close to-night, going to Troy, N. Y.; no new ones are yet announced for 24. Letter of May 22.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., H. W. Eagan, Jennie Eagan, Josie Farron, the Harrison Sisters, the Praeger Family, Ella Arnold and Minnie Gray opened May 17. The Praegers are fine in their business; H. W. Eagan has proved quite a favorite; Miss Jennie Eagan and Josie Farron are fine dressers and dancers; Miss Ella Arnold is a pleasing vocalist; Minnie Gray was well received. Departures: the Harrison Brothers to St. Joseph, Mo.; Prof. Francis to Perry Brothers to St. Joseph, Mo.; Prof. Francis to Perry Brothers to St. Joseph, Mo.; Prof. Francis to Perry

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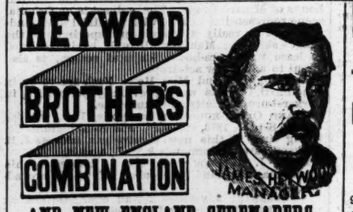

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